



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH

Tommy
TOMORROW



10c

NOV.
NO. 162

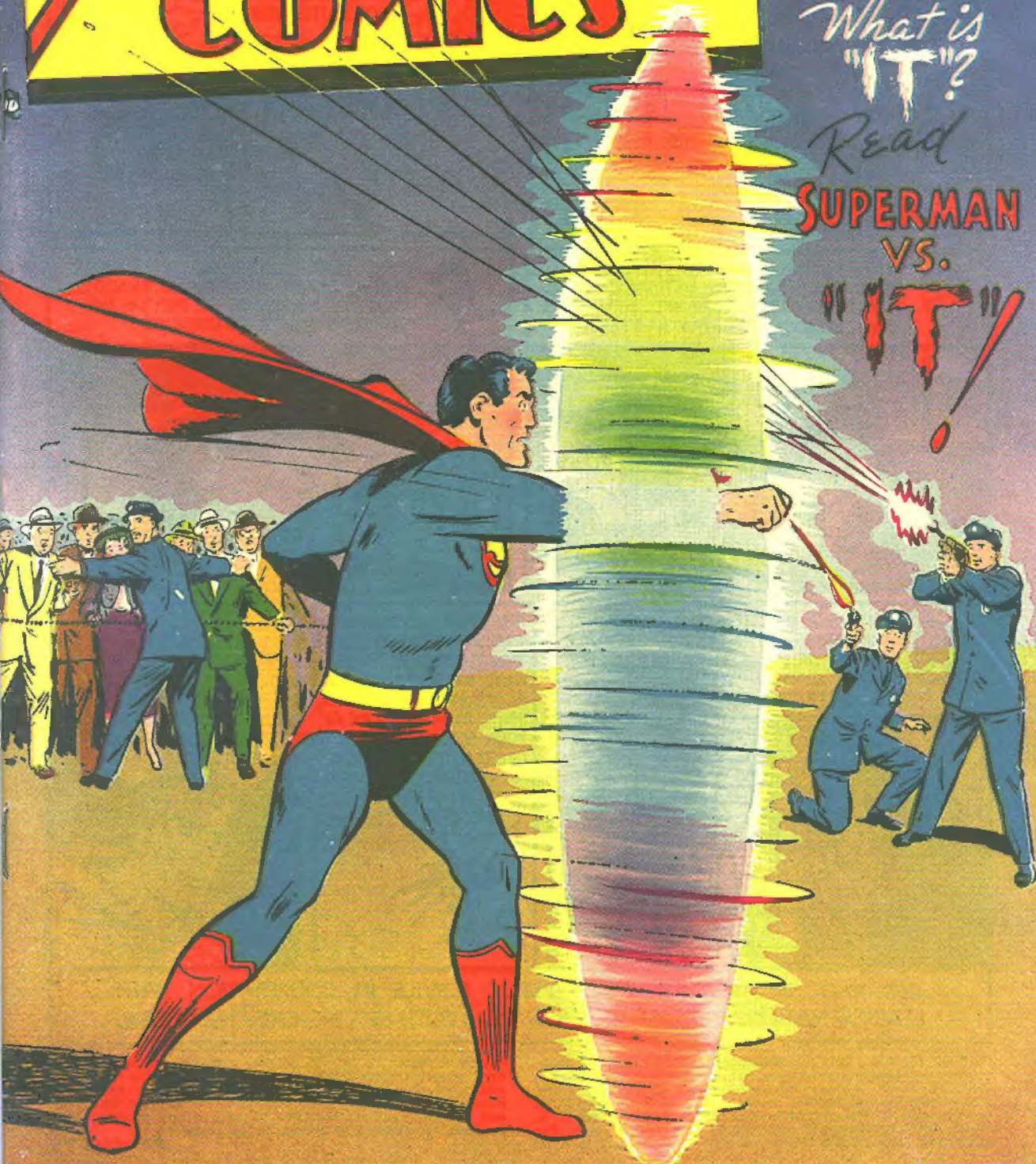
ACTION COMICS

THEY HAD NO
NAME FOR "IT" ...
"IT" TERRIFIED
METROPOLIS!

*What is
"IT"?*

Read
**SUPERMAN
VS.**

"IT!"



SUPERMAN

NO. 100

OUT OF NOWHERE
IT CAME--A STRANGE,
MYSTERIOUS
CREATURE THAT DE-
FIED DESCRIPTION.
SO UNIQUE WAS
THIS CREATURE,
THAT FOR WANT
OF A BETTER
NAME, PEOPLE
REFERRED TO
THE THING AS "IT"!
BUT, WHAT WAS "IT"?
WHERE DID "IT"
COME FROM? WHY
WAS "IT" HERE?
"IT" EVEN BAFFLED
SUPERMAN--UNTIL
A BIZARRE CLUE
FINALLY REVEALED
THE ASTONISHING
TRUTH ABOUT...

"IT!"



AN UNUSUAL ELECTRIC STORM LASHES THE SKIES OF METROPOLIS, PRELUDE TO A NIGHTMARE THAT IS TO TERRIFY MILLIONS...



AFTER THE STORM, A STRANGE PHONE CALL TO PERRY WHITE, EDITOR OF THE **DAILY PLANET**, USHERS IN A RUSH ASSIGNMENT...

SOME FARMER CLAIMS A WEIRD MONSTER IS LOOSE IN HIS FIELDS. BETTER CHECK ON IT--AND TAKE A CAMERA, LOIS--MAYBE YOU'LL GET A GOOD PIX OF THE THING.

COME ALONG, CLARK. THIS MAY BE A SCOOP FOR ONE OF US!



LATER, A FEW MILES OUT OF METROPOLIS...

LOOK, CLARK! HE'S CALLED THE POLICE, TOO! MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO HIS STORY!

HURRY! EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THE THING, I THINK I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND!



GREAT SCOTT! THERE IT IS--**THERE!** WHAT...WHAT IS IT ???



WITH A SLITHERING, SPINNING MOTION, THE NIGHTMARE CREATURE BEGINS TO MOVE TOWARD THEM...

IT'S COMING AT US! SHOOT! WHATEVER IT IS, WE'VE GOT TO KILL IT!



BULLETS DON'T EVEN HURT IT! THE STEEL SLUGS HAVE COME OUT ALL TWISTED AND RUSTY! IT--IT'S INCREDIBLE!

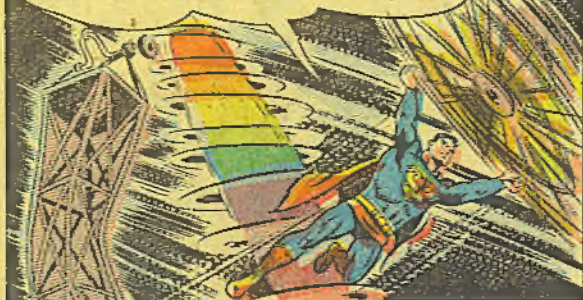


WHILE ALL EYES ARE RIVETED TO THE ALIEN ENTITY, CLARK KENT SHEDS HIS REPORTER GARB TO BECOME **THE MAN OF STEEL!**



SUDDENLY, WHIRLING AT TYPHOON VELOCITY, THE ALIEN CREATURE RIPS A WINDMILL SPINNING FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS...

AMAZING! IT'S ALIVE--IT CAN THINK. WHEN IT WANTS TO, IT CAN TURN ON AS MUCH FURY AS A CYCLONE! GOT TO CATCH THE WINDMILL FIRST--THEN ATTEND TO THAT FANTASTIC CREATURE!



GREAT SCOTT! NOW IT'S SHRINKING-- CONTRACTING--EVEN WHILE IT'S DARTING INTO HIDING IN THE WOODS! OUR FIRST SKIRMISH HAS BEEN A DRAW!



DONNING HIS CLARK KENT IDENTITY, HE SWIFTLY REJOINS LOIS...

I GOT A PICTURE OF IT-- BUT I STILL FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE! CLARK, THAT THING--WHAT WAS IT?

LOIS, THAT'S A QUESTION A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE ASKING WHEN THEY SEE THE DAILY PLANET STORY!



SOON, EVERYWHERE, PEOPLE SPEAK OF "IT" IN HUSHED, FEARFUL VOICES, AS IF AFRAID "IT" MIGHT BE LISTENING...

WHERE DID "IT" COME FROM?

MAYBE FROM ONE OF THOSE FLYING SAUCERS!

DO... DO YOU THINK "IT" IS A MARTIAN?



THEN, THE DREADFUL NEWS COMES--ALL RADIO AND TELEVISION PROGRAMS ARE INTERRUPTED FOR A SPECIAL BULLETIN...

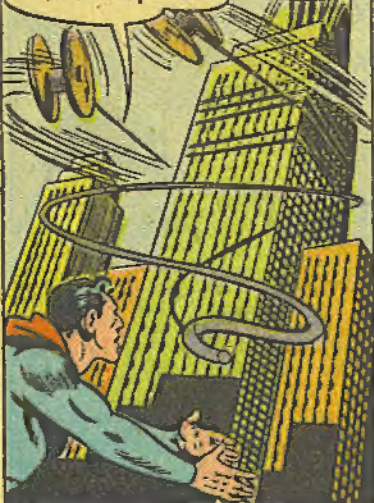
ATTENTION PLEASE! "IT" IS NEARING METROPOLIS! I REPEAT--"IT" IS NEARING OUR CITY! AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ARMY BOMBERS ARE PREPARING TO ATTACK THE MYSTERY CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD...



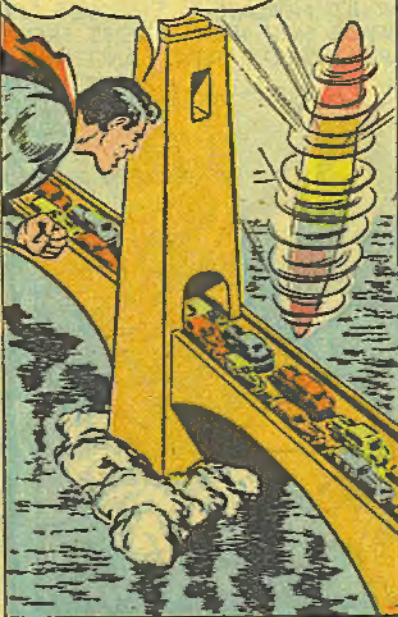


WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST, **SUPERMAN** SENDS THE COLOSSAL "BOLAS" WHIPPING TIGHTLY ABOUT THE COLLAPSING STRUCTURE.

THAT STOUT CABLE SHOULD KEEP THE CRACKS FROM SPREADING TEMPORARILY. NOW I CAN GO AFTER "IT" AGAIN!



OH-OH! "IT" IS HEADING TOWARD THE BRIDGE -- AND THE BRIDGE IS CHOKED WITH CARS! IF "IT" MAKES THAT BRIDGE COLLAPSE, THOSE PEOPLE ARE DOOMED!

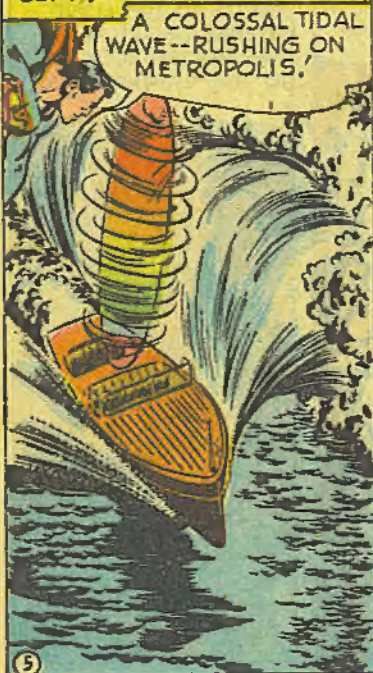


BUT SURPRISINGLY, "IT" MAKES A SUDDEN TURN AND VEERS TOWARD A SPEEDBOAT BOBBING ON THE WATERS...

HMM! THAT'S STRANGE! WHY DID "IT" PICK ON THAT EMPTY BOAT WHEN "IT" COULD'VE CREATED SO MUCH CATASTROPHE AT THE BRIDGE?



ASTONISHINGLY, "IT" STARTS PUSHING THE BOAT MADLY ABOUT THE BAY--BUT SO GREAT IS THE CREATURE'S POWER, AN AWESOME WAKE IS LEFT!



A COLOSSAL TIDAL WAVE--RUSHING ON METROPOLIS!

INSTANTLY, **SUPERMAN** WHIRLS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED ON THE CREST OF THE MOUNTAIN OF WATER THREATENING THE CITY...

I'VE GOT TO CREATE ENOUGH SUCTION SO THAT THE WATER IS DRAWN' UP AS I RISE HIGHER AND HIGHER...



IT WORKED! NOW I CAN PULL THIS MAN-MADE **WATER SPOUT** OUT TO SEA WHERE IT WILL COLLAPSE HARMLESSLY!



WHEN THE **MAN OF STEEL** RETURNS TO SHORE...

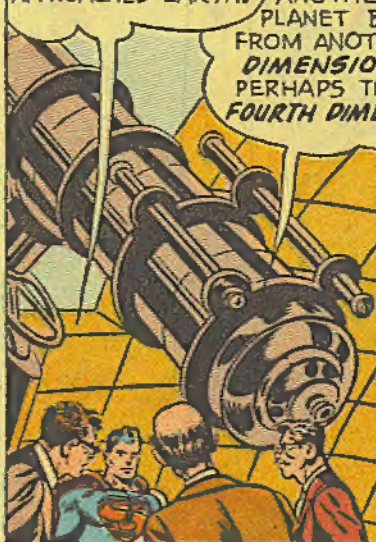
"IT" IS GONE AGAIN-- LIKE THE LAST TIME! IF ONLY I HAD SOME CLUE TO THE CREATURE'S ORIGIN! I'D BETTER DO SOME CHECKING WITH NEARBY OBSERVATORIES!



LATER, AT A SPECIAL COUNCIL OF ASTRONOMERS...

SUPERMAN, NONE OF US HAS OBSERVED ANY UNUSUAL SKY PHENOMENA THAT WOULD INDICATE A SPACE SHIP HAD APPROACHED EARTH!

HMM! THAT, PLUS OUR OTHER INVESTIGATIONS, PROVES "IT" ISN'T FROM ANOTHER PLANET BUT FROM ANOTHER **DIMENSION**-- PERHAPS THE **FOURTH DIMENSION**!

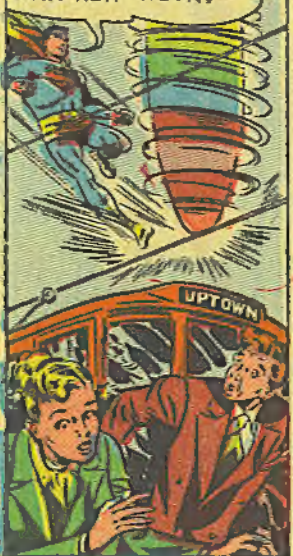


WE CAN'T CONTROL "IT" OR REASON WITH "IT", FOR "IT" CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND THE WAYS OF ITS OWN DIMENSION! AS LONG AS "IT" LIVES, ALL THE PEOPLE OF EARTH ARE IN DANGER! **SUPERMAN**, YOU MUST **DESTROY "IT"**!



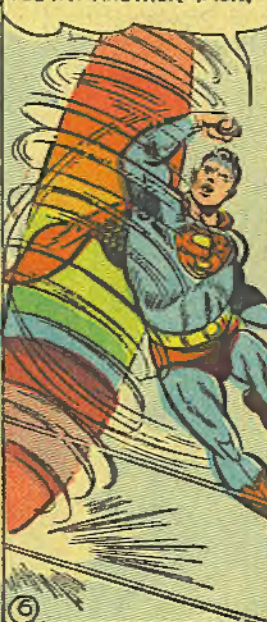
LATER, WHEN "IT" REAPPEARS, **SUPERMAN** FACES HIS TASK KNOWING ALL THE WORLD IS DEPENDING UPON HIM!

"IT"-- TOUCHING AN ELECTRIC TROLLEY LIVE WIRE! STRANGE-- "IT" IS GLOWING-- AS IF THE ELECTRICITY WERE RECHARGING "IT" WITH NEW VIGOR!



GATHERING HIS STRENGTH, **SUPERMAN** CHARGES THE BIZARRE CREATURE!

MY FIST WENT RIGHT **THROUGH "IT"**! GRAPPLING WITH "IT" WON'T WORK! I'LL TRY ANOTHER TACK!



DIVING RIGHT UNDER "IT", **SUPERMAN** STARTS BORING DOWN THROUGH THE STREETS... DOWN... DOWN...

"IT" IS FALLING RIGHT AFTER ME, AS I HAD HOPED!

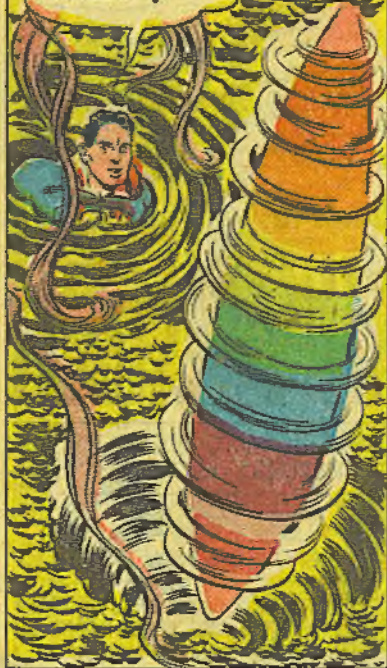


DOWN... DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST, TOWARD THE PLANET'S INNERMOST DEPTHS...

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW "IT" REACTS TO THE MOST INTENSE OF ALL HEAT-- THE MOLTEN ROCK THAT IS THE EARTH'S **CORE**!

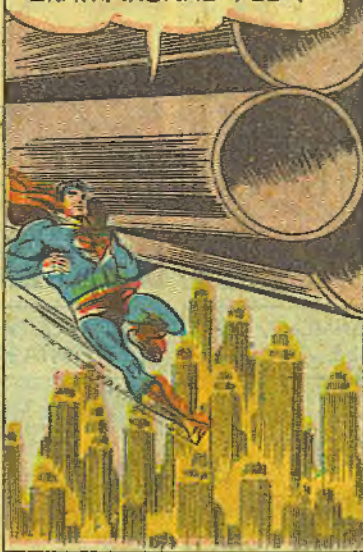


UNHARMED! "IT" HAS SET UP A "SHIELD OF FORCE" THAT KEEPS THE LAVA FROM TOUCHING "IT"! PERHAPS "IT" CAN'T BE KILLED!

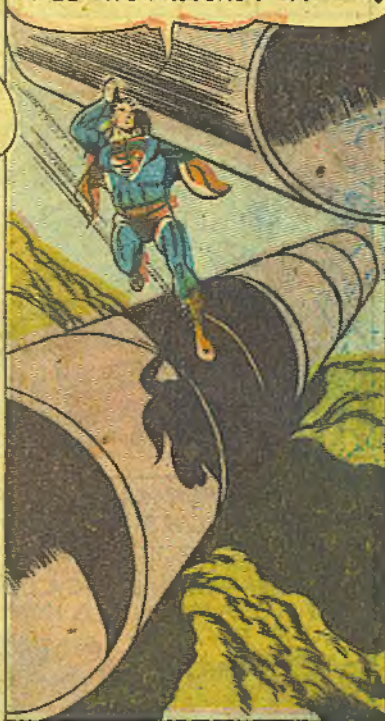


LATER, UPON RETURNING TO THE SURFACE...

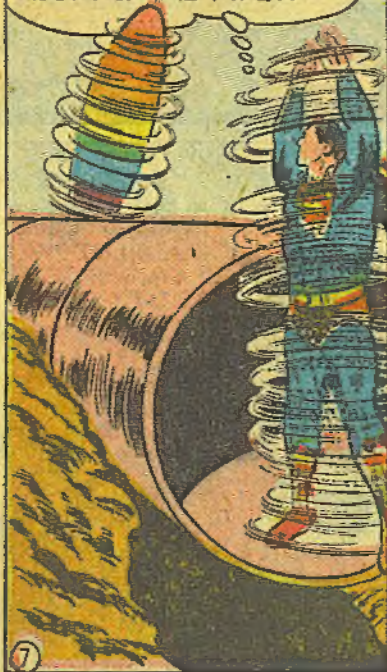
I'VE AN IDEA! IF I CAN'T KILL THE THING, PERHAPS I CAN GET RID OF "IT"! PERHAPS I CAN SEND THE CREATURE OUT INTO COSMIC SPACE, BEYOND THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!



SINCE "IT" IS SHAPED LIKE A ROCKET, I'LL CONVERT THESE PIPES INTO A ROCKET LAUNCH!

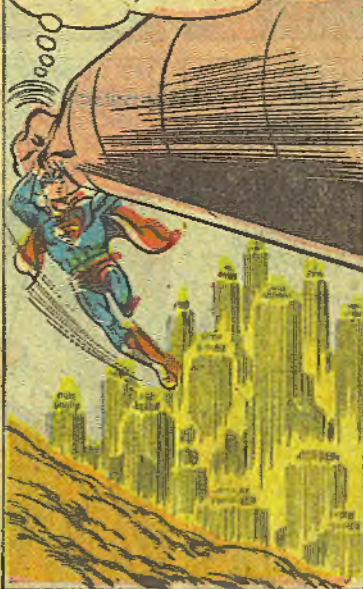


NOW I'LL SPIN AROUND JUST AS "IT" DOES! "IT" IS CURIOUS--COMING CLOSER! IF I CAN JUST LURE "IT" INTO THE MOUTH OF THE PIPE...

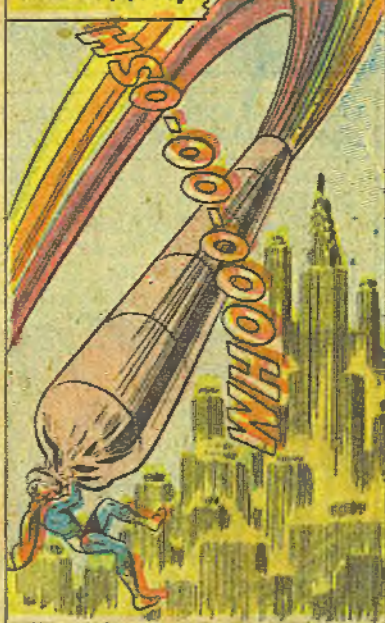


SUPERMAN'S RUSE WORKS! EVEN AS "IT" ENTERS, SUPERMAN STREAKS OUT AND...

NOW--BY EXHALING MY BREATH, I'LL PROVIDE THE LAUNCHING POWER! BON VOYAGE, "IT"!



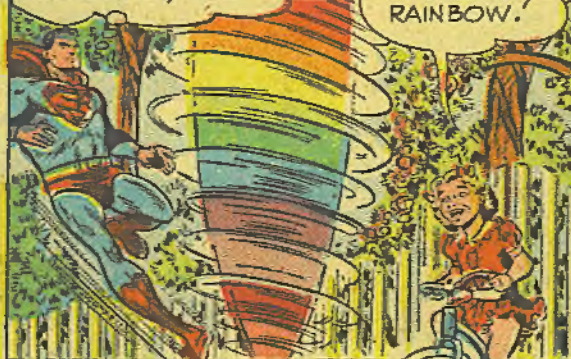
BUT, UNDER THAT SUPER-BLAST OF AIR, "IT" JUST STRETCHES FANTASTICALLY--GROWING SKYWARD AND THEN CURVING DOWN--UNTIL "IT" BECOMES A RAINBOW OVER THE EARTH!



A MOMENT LATER, THE UNCANNY CREATURE CONTRACTS AND THEN DARTS TOWARD ANOTHER SECTION OF METROPOLIS...

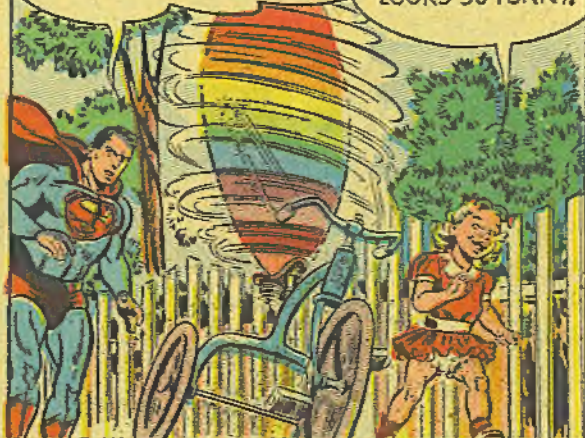
OH--"IT" IS STOPPING NEAR THAT CHILD! IF "IT" HURTS THAT YOUNGSTER, I'LL--

OH, A BIG TOP-- WITH PRETTY COLORS! JUST LIKE A RAINBOW!



AM I SEEING THINGS? OR IS "IT" REALLY PLAYING WITH THAT TRICYCLE?!

HA! HA! THE TOP IS RIDING MY CYCLE! IT LOOKS SO FUNNY!



THEN TO **SUPERMAN'S** ASTONISHMENT, "IT" SPEEDS AWAY WITH THE TRICYCLE.

GREAT SCOTT! "IT" HAS ACTUALLY MADE OFF WITH THE TRICYCLE-- JUST LIKE A KID WITH A NEW-FOUND TOY!

BAW! BAW! I WANT MY CYCLE! I WANT IT BACK!



AND THOUGH **SUPERMAN** TAKES AFTER "IT", THE FANTASTIC CREATURE ESCAPES.

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE GIRL-- I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ANOTHER, NEW TRICYCLE!

HMM! I WONDER... CERTAIN THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE NOW!



LATER, AT ANOTHER SPECIAL MEETING, **SUPERMAN** REVEALS HIS SUSPICIONS...

GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE THAT IN ITS OWN DIMENSION WORLD, "IT" IS NOT AN ADULT-- BUT A **CHILD**! THAT EXPLAINS WHY "IT" WAS ATTRACTED TO THE WINDMILL, THE MOTORBOAT AND THE TRICYCLE! DON'T YOU SEE?--"IT" THINKS OF METROPOLIS AS A GIGANTIC **PLAYGROUND**!



"IT" DOESN'T WANT TO DESTROY PROPERTY, BUT IS LIKE A MISCHIEVOUS CHILD PUSHING OVER A SET OF BUILDING BLOCKS!

VERY TRUE, **SUPERMAN**-- BUT LIKE A CHILD, "IT" CANNOT REASON. "IT" WILL GO ON DESTROYING AS "IT" PLAYS!



SOON AFTER, **SUPERMAN** MAKES A HURRIED VISIT TO THE MAYOR...

MAYOR, I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF **"IT"**: **"IT"** FEEDS ON THE ELECTRICITY. FOR MY PLAN TO WORK, ALL ELECTRIC POWER MUST BE TURNED OFF IN METROPOLIS!

TURN OFF ALL ELECTRICITY? BUT THE PEOPLE WILL BE PANICKED WITH THAT CREATURE RUNNING AROUND LOOSE IN THE DARK!

EXACTLY! THEREFORE, **METROPOLIS MUST BE EVACUATED!**

EMERGENCY BULLETINS ARE FLASHED TO ALL PARTS OF METROPOLIS, AND SOON THE MASS EXODUS BEGINS!



AND AS THE MOON RISES, IT LOOKS DOWN OVER A DARKENED CITY!

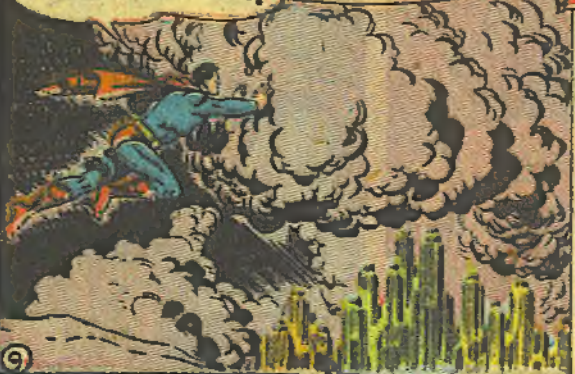
"IT" WAS HURLED INTO OUR DIMENSION BECAUSE OF AN UNUSUAL ELECTRIC STORM! NOW I MUST DUPLICATE THOSE CONDITIONS!



MEOW! MEOW!

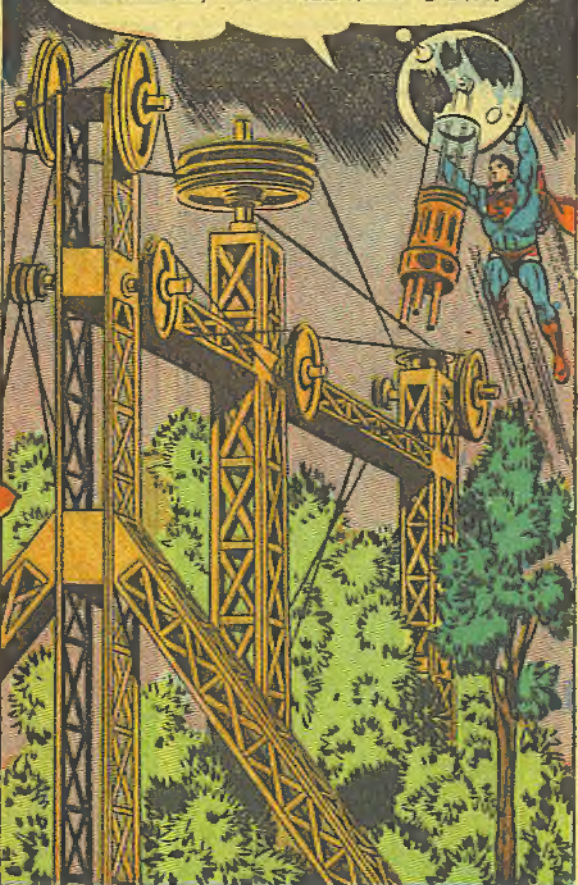
ROCKETING OVER THE NATION, **SUPERMAN** ROUNDS UP ALL STORM CLOUDS, HERDING THEM BACK OVER METROPOLIS...

NOW FOR THE NEXT IMPORTANT STEP IN MY PLAN!--THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GIGANTIC TOY!



WITH DISCARDED METAL CULLED FROM THE CITY'S DUMPS, **SUPERMAN** ERECTS A FANTASTIC **"TOY"** OF COLOSSAL DIMENSIONS!

"IT" WILL COME LOOKING FOR ELECTRICITY AND A TOY! WHEN **"IT"** SEES THIS, **"IT"** WILL HAVE BOTH!



LATER, AS THUNDER BOOMS AND LIGHTNING FLASHES JAGGEDLY, **SUPERMAN** WAITS ATOP METROPOLIS' TALLEST TELEVISION MAST...

PATIENTLY, **SUPERMAN** WAITS... WAITS FOR "IT"--AND THEN, LIKE A SPECTRE, SOMETHING MOVES TOWARD THAT GYRATING, GLOWING "TOY"!

CLOSER, CLOSER THE CREATURE DRIFTS AS **SUPERMAN** PREPARES FOR THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT...

"IT" IS ALMOST TOUCHING THE "TOY"! WHAT I NEED NOW IS A GREAT BOLT OF LIGHTNING!

LIGHTNING ALWAYS STRIKES THE HIGHEST OBJECT, BY BECOMING A **HUMAN DYNAMO**, I'M ABLE TO SEND ELECTRICITY THROUGH THIS CABLE THAT I'VE RUN INTO THE HEART OF THAT COLOSSAL "TOY"!

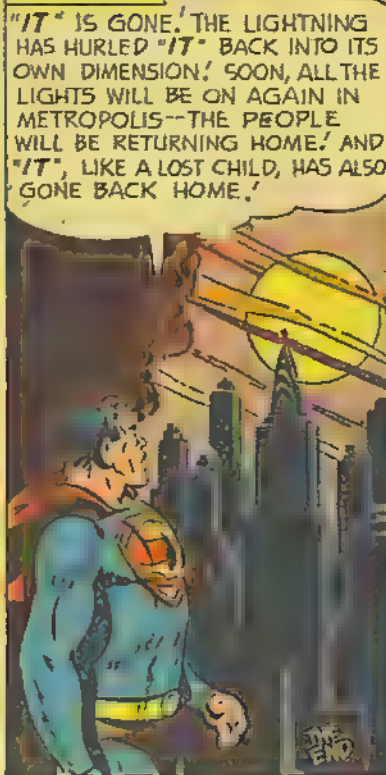
"IT"--PALE, WAN, LIKE A PERSON WEAK WITH HUNGER! "IT" WANTS NOURISHMENT, AND PLAY--AND NOW THE THING'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT "TOY"!

THEN--**CONTACT!** ELECTRICITY OF TREMENDOUS VOLTAGE COURSES FROM **SUPERMAN** TO THE COLOSSAL "TOY"...

OH!! THAT LIGHT--SUCH BRILLIANT LIGHT! "IT" GLOWING WITH COLOR--BLINDING COLORS OF THE RAINBOW!

THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE BRILLIANCE DIMS, AND THE NIGHTMARE IS ENDED...

"IT" IS GONE! THE LIGHTNING HAS HURLED "IT" BACK INTO ITS OWN DIMENSION! SOON, ALL THE LIGHTS WILL BE ON AGAIN IN METROPOLIS--THE PEOPLE WILL BE RETURNING HOME! AND "IT", LIKE A LOST CHILD, HAS ALSO GONE BACK HOME.



Tommy TOMORROW

THE MEN OF SPACE, WHETHER THEY ARE THE PLANETEERS WHO KEEP THE LAW OR THE HARD-HANDED DRIVERS OF THE GREAT "SPACE-TRUCKS," MUST EAT! AND THEIR FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS IS A FAMOUS RESTAURANT OF THE VOID WHERE FOOD OF EVERY PLANET IS SERVED! BUT WHEN COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW DROPS IN FOR A MEAL, HE FINDS HIMSELF SERVED A FULL MENU OF DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES IN...

"The INTERPLANETARY RESTAURANT!"



THE MEN WHO FLY AND FIGHT THE GREAT CRUISERS OF THE PLANETEERS ARE HEROES TO THE WHOLE SYSTEM...



...BUT, EVEN IN EVERY PLANETEER'S CREW, NO ONE EVER THINKS OF A COOK AS A HERO!



WALLY MARTIN HAS BEEN A COOK ON PLANETEER SHIPS FOR YEARS, AND IS USED TO DIFFICULTIES!

THE HEAT IS MELTING MY FROZEN DESSERTS! WHY DID THEY HAVE TO PILOT THE SHIP SO CLOSE TO THE SUN RIGHT NOW?

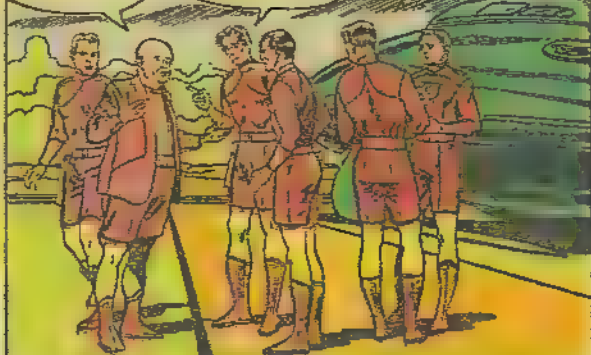


BUT THERE COMES FINALLY A GREAT DAY FOR WALLY! AT PLANETEER BASE ON EARTH...

BOYS, MY LAST HITCH IS ENDED...I'M QUITTING THE PLANETEERS TODAY!

YOU CAN'T, WALLY! WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET ANOTHER SPACE-COOK LIKE YOU?

YOU DON'T WANT US TO STARVE, DO YOU?



BUT NOT EVEN COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW CAN TALK WALLY OUT OF HIS PLANS!

NO, COLONEL TOMORROW... I'VE SAVED AND PLANNED A LONG TIME SO I COULD OPEN MY OWN RESTAURANT... AN **INTERPLANETARY** RESTAURANT!

WHERE WILL IT BE LOCATED?



IN **SPACE!** I'VE GOT A GOVERNMENT FRANCHISE TO LOCATE A FLOATING RESTAURANT OUT NEAR THE SHIP-LANES, AND I'M GOING TO SERVE FOOD OF EVERY WORLD THERE!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, WALLY! EVERY PLANETEER WISHES YOU WELL!

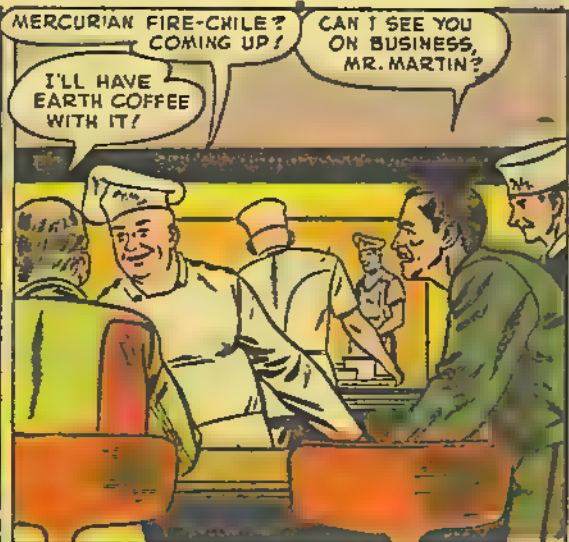
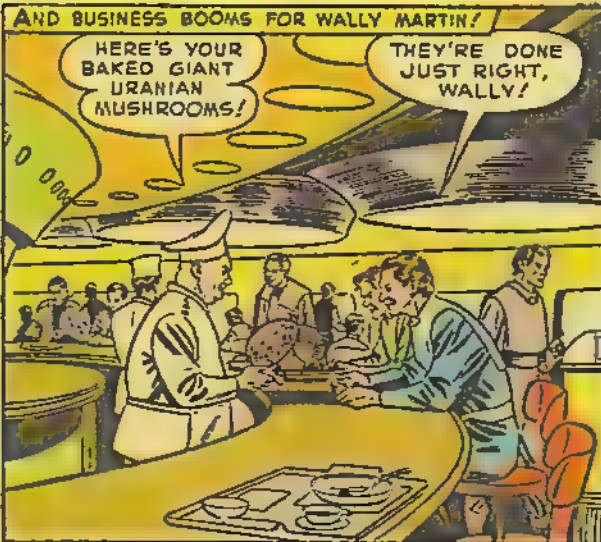


INTERPLANETARY RESTAURANT SOON BECOMES THE FAVORITE STOP OF SPACE-MEN AND THE DRIVERS OF THE BIG "SPACE-TRUCKS"!



WE'LL STOP AT WALLY'S PLACE... I'M HUNGRY FOR SOME MARTIAN BUFFALO STEAK!

NOBODY CAN FIX VENUSIAN SEA-FOOD LIKE WALLY!



EBEN KINNEL, UNSCRUPULOUS EARTH BUSINESS-MAN, KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT!

...SO I'LL OFFER YOU TWENTY THOUSAND FOR THIS RESTAURANT!

IT'S WORTH TWICE THAT! AND I WOULDN'T SELL ANYWAY... THIS PLACE IS MY LIFE-DREAM!

BUT KINNEL DOES NOT DISCOURAGE EASILY WHEN HE SEES BIG PROFITS!

IF MARTIN'S BUSINESS IS RUINED, HE'LL HAVE TO SELL CHEAP! YOU GET A JOB IN HIS KITCHEN AND THEN HERE'S WHAT TO DO...

I GET IT, BOSS!



AS TROUBLE LOOMS FOR AN UNSUSPECTING WALLY, AN OLD PLANETEER FRIEND DROPS IN!

I'M ON LEAVE, SO I CAME OUT IN THE SPACE ACE FOR A REAL SPACE-MAN'S MEAL!

YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME, COLONEL TOMORROW!

MR. MARTIN, THE REFRIGERATORS HAVE BROKEN DOWN!

ALL OUR RARE INTERPLANETARY GAME AND FRUITS WILL SPOIL!

THE REFRIGERANT-PUMPING MECHANISM HAS BROKEN DOWN BADLY AND MUST BE REPLACED!

IT'S BEEN SECRETLY SABOTAGED!



BUT TOMMY TOMORROW USES HIS PLANETEER
INGENLITY...

UNTIL THE MECHANISM
CAN BE REPLACED, RUNNING
THE REFRIGERANT-LINE OUT
INTO THE COLD OF SPACE...



...WILL KEEP THE
REFRIGERATORS
PERFECTLY COLD!

THANKS, TOMMY. YOU'VE SAVED
MOST OF THE FOOD, BUT THE
RARE MARTIAN AND JOVIAN
GAME IS ALREADY SPOILED!



AND A CROWD OF SPACE-TRUCKERS
FROM THE ASTEROID LINES WILL...
SOON BE HERE. THOSE
BOYS ALWAYS ORDER
MARTIAN AND JOVIAN
GAME!

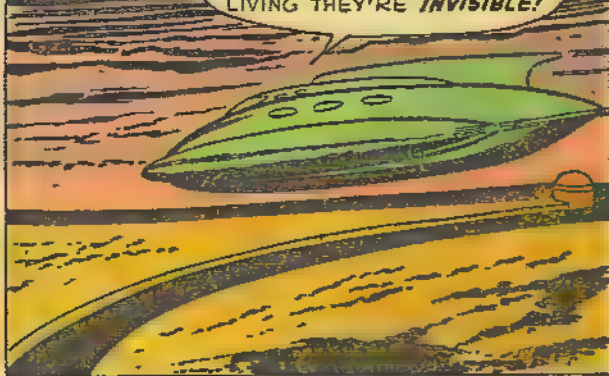
DON'T
DESPAIR,
WALLY...MAYBE

I CAN REPLACE YOUR
GAME-SUPPLIES IN
TIME! AND LISTEN...
KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON
YOUR ASSISTANTS
WHILE I'M GONE!



FROM THE CROSSROADS OF SPACE TO MARS IS NO
GREAT HOP FOR TOMMY TOMORROW'S SUPER-SWIFT
SPACE ACE!

I'LL TRY FOR SOME WILD
MARTIAN BUFFALO FIRST!
THEY'RE A DANGER TO ALL
HUMANS, FOR WHEN THEY'RE
LIVING THEY'RE *INVISIBLE*!



TOMMY KNOWS THE HUNTING-CRAFT OF
MANY WORLDS! AND TO HUNT THE
STRANGE INVISIBLE BUFFALO OF MARS,
YOU NEED A DYE-SPRAY AS WELL AS A
GUN!

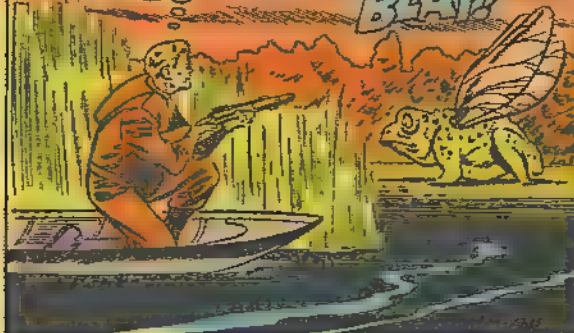
THEIR TRACKS WENT INTO
THIS VALLEY AND THE DYE-SPRAY
WILL MAKE THEM VISIBLE IF...
THERE THEY ARE, CHARGING
ME! GOT THEM!



NEXT STOP, JUPITER'S MOON EUROPA! FOR THE BIG FLYING-FROGS OF THAT WORLD ARE CONSIDERED DELICACIES BY MANY SPACE-MEN!

TO LURE FLYING-FROGS, YOU NEED A DECOY-DUMMY THAT USES A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORDING OF A FROG-CALL!

BLAT! BLAT! BLAT!



TWO WILL BE ENOUGH! AND SINCE THEY RAVAGE THE PEOPLE'S CROPS HERE, I'M DOING THE EUROPEANS A GOOD TURN!



WHEN TOMMY RETURNS TO INTERPLANETARY RESTAURANT WITH HIS LOAD OF GAME, A SECRET SABOTEUR HAS BEEN EXPOSED!

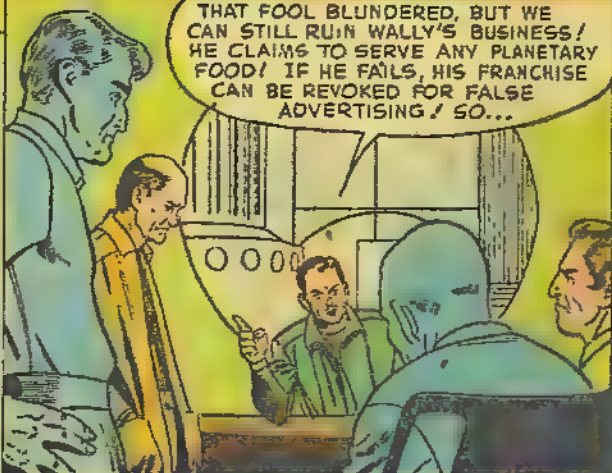
I WATCHED AS YOU SUGGESTED AND FOUND THIS FELLOW TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE GRAVITY-UNIT!

HM, SOMEBODY MUST BE TRYING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU, WALLY! MAYBE HE'LL QUIT NOW!



BUT EBEN KINNEL'S DETERMINATION IS RUTHLESS!

THAT FOOL BLUNDERED, BUT WE CAN STILL RUIN WALLY'S BUSINESS! HE CLAIMS TO SERVE ANY PLANETARY FOOD! IF HE FAILS, HIS FRANCHISE CAN BE REVOKED FOR FALSE ADVERTISING! SO...



SOON, WALLY MARTIN GETS CALLS FOR EXOTIC DISHES MOST SPACEMEN HAVE NEVER EVEN IMAGINED!

I WANT AN ORDER OF STEAK A LA MERCURY!

THAT'S STEAK COOKED BY THE SUN'S HEAT! AND ONLY ON MERCURY IS THE SUN HOT ENOUGH TO DO THAT!



AGAIN, TOMMY TOMORROW BECOMES CHEF'S HELPER!

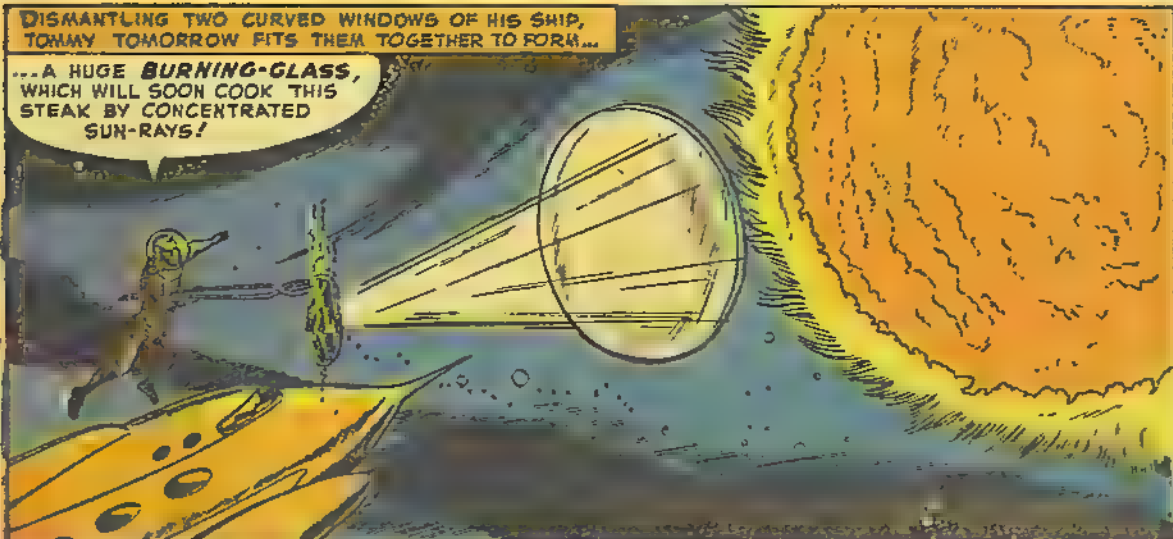
BUT IT'S SO FAR TO MERCURY, EVEN YOU CAN'T TAKE THE STEAK THERE AND BACK IN TIME!

MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO GO THERE! A COUPLE OF THE SPACE ACE'S CURVED WINDOWS WILL HELP!



DISMANTLING TWO CURVED WINDOWS OF HIS SHIP, TOMMY TOMORROW FITS THEM TOGETHER TO FORM...

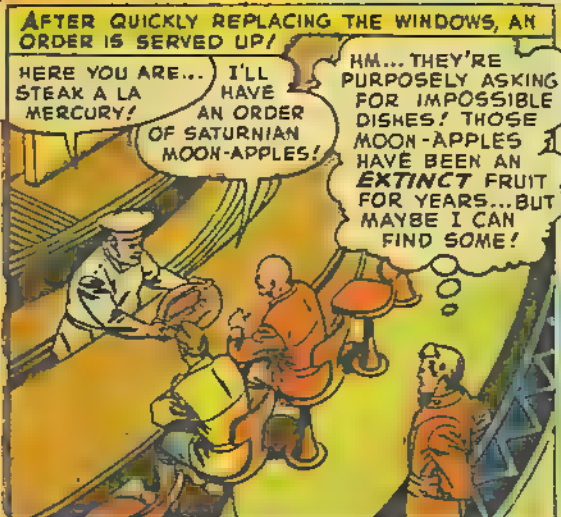
...A HUGE **BURNING-GLASS**, WHICH WILL SOON COOK THIS STEAK BY CONCENTRATED SUN-RAYS!



AFTER QUICKLY REPLACING THE WINDOWS, AN ORDER IS SERVED UP!

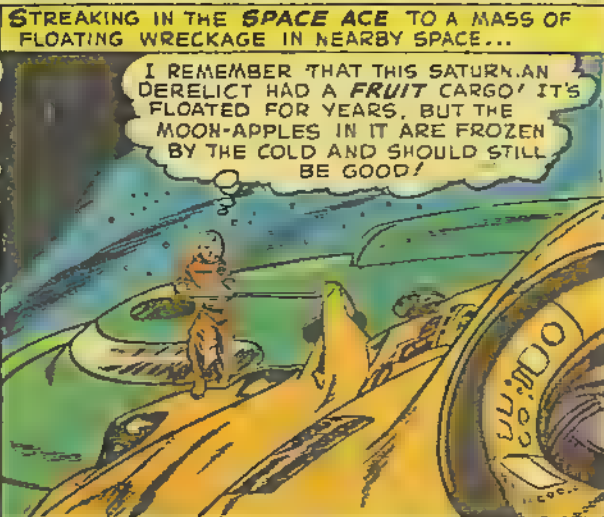
HERE YOU ARE... I'LL HAVE AN ORDER OF SATURNIAN MOON-APPLES!

HM... THEY'RE PURPOSELY ASKING FOR IMPOSSIBLE DISHES! THOSE MOON-APPLES HAVE BEEN AN **EXTINCT** FRUIT FOR YEARS... BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME!



STREAKING IN THE **SPACE ACE** TO A MASS OF FLOATING WRECKAGE IN NEARBY SPACE...

I REMEMBER THAT THIS SATURNIAN DERELICT HAD A **FRUIT CARGO**! IT'S FLOATED FOR YEARS, BUT THE MOON-APPLES IN IT ARE FROZEN BY THE COLD AND SHOULD STILL BE GOOD!



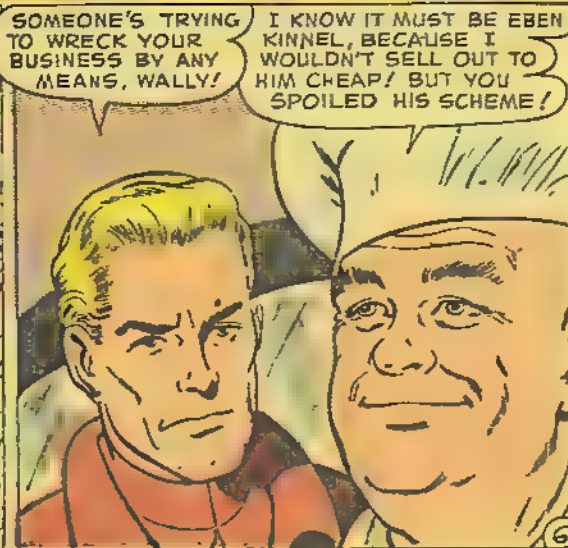
PRESENTLY...

HERE'S YOUR MOON-APPLES!

I... ER... GUESS I'M NOT HUNGRY AFTER ALL!

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO WRECK YOUR BUSINESS BY ANY MEANS, WALLY!

I KNOW IT MUST BE EBEN KINNEL, BECAUSE I WOULDN'T SELL OUT TO HIM CHEAP! BUT YOU SPOILED HIS SCHEME!



BUT FAILURE ONLY SPURS EBEN KINNEL TO MORE CUNNING ACTION!

BUT HOW CAN YOU RUN WALLY MARTIN OUT WHEN ALL OUR TRICKS FAILED?

I'M GOING TO APPLY TO START A LITTLE SPACE-SHIP LINE TO THE ASTEROIDS! THAT'LL DO IT!

AND SOON, TO WALLY MARTIN, COMES A RADIO MESSAGE THAT IS LIKE A SENTENCE OF DOOM!

A NEW SPACE-SHIP LINE IS STARTING SOON... SINCE YOUR RESTAURANT IS IN THE NEW SHIPPLANE, YOU MUST HAVE IT TOWED TO ANOTHER LOCATION!

BUT...BUT THAT WILL COST A FORTUNE!

THAT FINISHES ME! TO GET SPACE-TUGS OUT HERE TO TOW THE RESTAURANT TO A NEW SPOT WILL BANKRUPT ME!

HM... KINNEL HAS BEEN BUSY! BUT MAYBE I CAN DISAPPOINT HIM! WAIT FOR ME, WALLY!

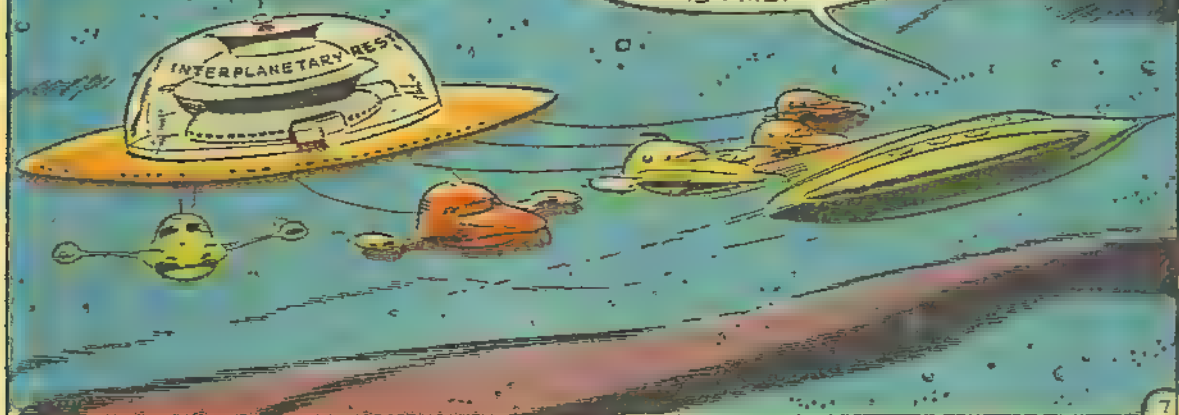
IN AN EMERGENCY, TOMMY TOMORROW SENDS OUT A BROADCAST CALL TO ALL SPACE-TRUCKERS IN THAT PART OF THE SYSTEM!

YOU ALL KNOW AND LIKE WALLY MARTIN... WILL YOU HELP HIM NOW?

WE SURE WILL, WON'T WE BOYS? WALLY HAS FED US TIP-TOP AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET HIM BE RUINED! COME ON!

AND SOON, POWERFUL SPACE-TRUCKS TAKE ON A TOWING-JOB FOR FREE!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, BOYS! THIS NEW ORBIT-LOCATION FOR THE RESTAURANT IS FINE!



WHILE MR. EBEN KINNEL, WHO HAS HURRIED OUT TO REAP THE REWARD OF A SMART DEAL, GETS A SURPRISE!

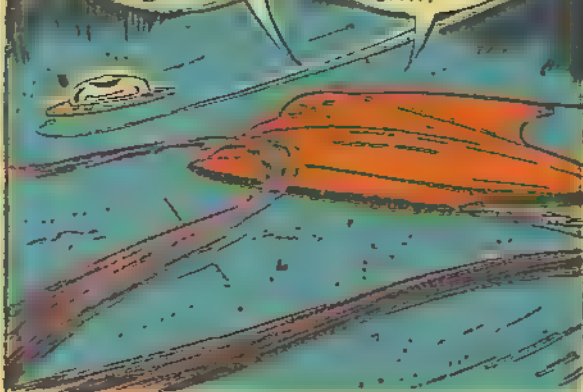
WALLY MUST ACCEPT MY OFFER NOW FOR HE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HIS RESTAURANT TOWED... BUT WHERE IS IT?

IT'S OVER THERE! HE'S ALREADY HAD IT TOWED, SOMEHOW!



YOUR PLAN SLIPPED UP SOMEHOW! AND SAY, I'M GETTING HUNGRY AND WE'VE USED UP ALL THE FOOD ON OUR SHIP!

AND WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH FUEL TO GO ELSEWHERE! BUT THE RESTAURANT HAS TO SELL US MEALS, BY LAW!



AND SOON...

WE WANT DINNER! BY LAW, YOU MUST SELL TO US!

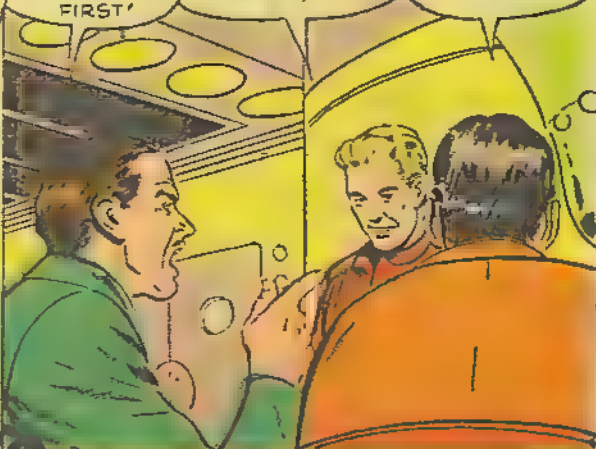
YES, BUT ALSO BY LAW, WALLY CAN SET HIS OWN PRICE IN SPACE! AND HIS PRICE FOR A MEAL IS YOUR WRITTEN CONFESSION OF YOUR PLOT TO RUIN HIM!



I WON'T DO IT! I'LL STARVE FIRST!

SUIT YOURSELF! HOW ARE YOUR DINNERS, BOYS?

THIS MARTIAN BUFFALO-ROAST IS SUPER!



I CAN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE OF THIS VENUSIAN LOBSTER!

I'VE HAD FOUR HELPINGS!

STOP...STOP...YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! I'LL WRITE THE CONFESSION, IF YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT!



LATER, WITH THE DEFEATED TRICKSTER ON HIS WAY TO JAIL...

...AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO THE SPACE-BANQUET I'M PLANNING FOR MY BEST FRIENDS...THE SPACE-TRUCKERS AND THE PLANETEERS, ESPECIALLY COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW!



CONGO BILL

MIGHTIER THAN THE CAESARS OF OLD ARE THE POWERFUL POTENTATES OF INDIA, WHO EXACT FABULOUS FORTUNES IN JEWELS AND GOLD FROM THE PEOPLE THEY RULE. BUT WHERE THERE IS GOLD, THERE IS GREED... AND CONGO BILL, FAMED WORLD ADVENTURER, LEARNS THERE IS MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY IN THAT OLD ADAGE, "UNEASY RESTS THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE CROWN," WHEN HE IS FORCED TO DON THE MANTLE OF A MAHARAJA, ON A MALEVOLENT...

MISSION OF MYSTERY!



ONE MORNING, AT THE CALCUTTA BRANCH OF WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY...

CONGO BILL, THE MAHARAJA, ALI MIROVNA, HAS JUST TAKEN OUT A BIG POLICY WITH US! HE'S SETTING OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY AND HAS INSURED HIMSELF AND HIS TREASURES AGAINST ALL LOSSES! HIS CARAVAN LEAVES DELHI ON TUESDAY!

OKAY, JIM... I'LL GRAB THE NEXT PLANE OUT.

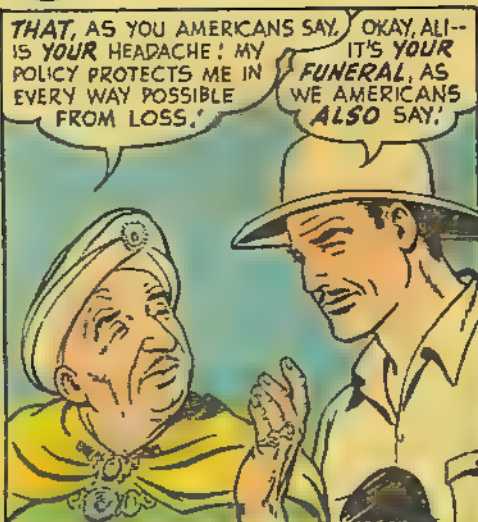


NEXT DAY, SOON AFTER CONGO BILL REACHES THE HISTORIC CITY OF DELHI...

I AM MAKING MY ANNUAL CEREMONIAL VISIT TO ALWAR, THE CAPITAL OF MY OWN PROVINCE. BUT I NEED PROTECTION AGAINST THE THIEVES WHO INFEST THE HIGHWAY!

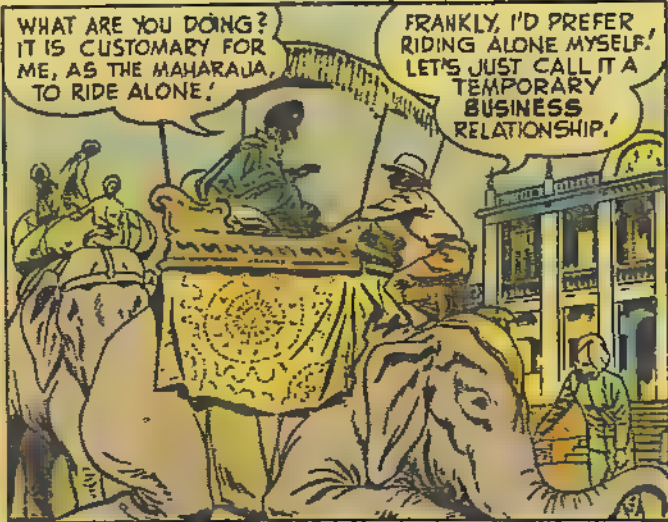
IN THAT CASE, MAHARAJA ALI, DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE TO WEAR THOSE JEWELS?





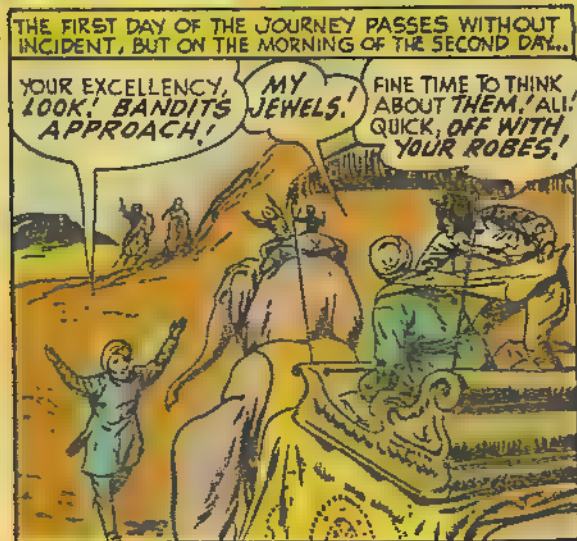
THAT, AS YOU AMERICANS SAY, IS YOUR HEADACHE! MY POLICY PROTECTS ME IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE FROM LOSS.

OKAY, ALI—IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, AS WE AMERICANS ALSO SAY!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR ME, AS THE MAHARAJA, TO RIDE ALONE!

FRANKLY, I'D PREFER RIDING ALONE MYSELF! LET'S JUST CALL IT A TEMPORARY BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP!

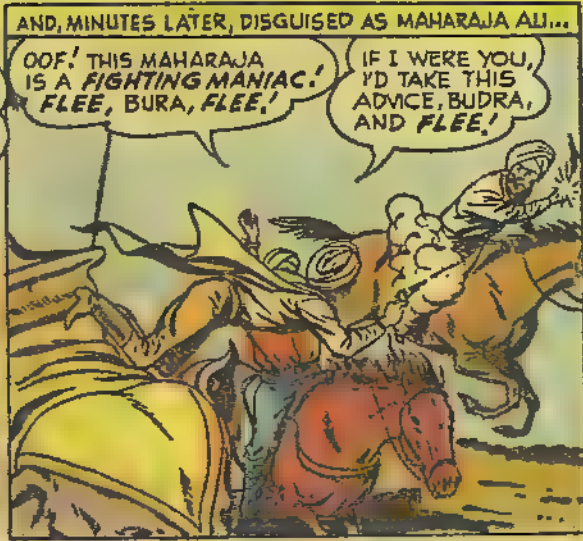


THE FIRST DAY OF THE JOURNEY PASSES WITHOUT INCIDENT, BUT ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY...

YOUR EXCELLENCY, LOOK! BANDITS APPROACH!

MY JEWELS!

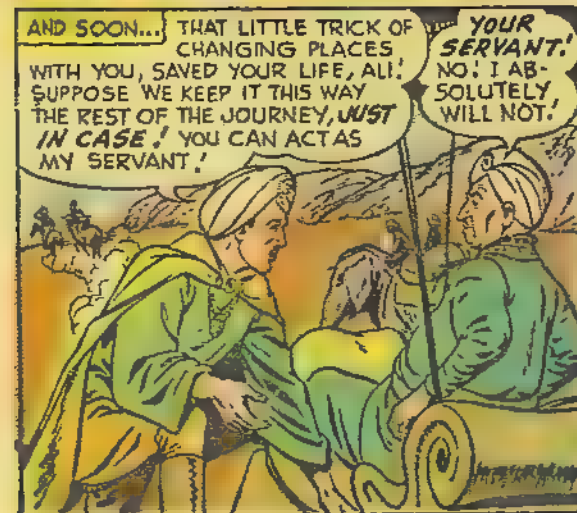
FINE TIME TO THINK ABOUT THEM, ALI! QUICK, OFF WITH YOUR ROBES!



AND, MINUTES LATER, DISGUISED AS MAHARAJA ALI...

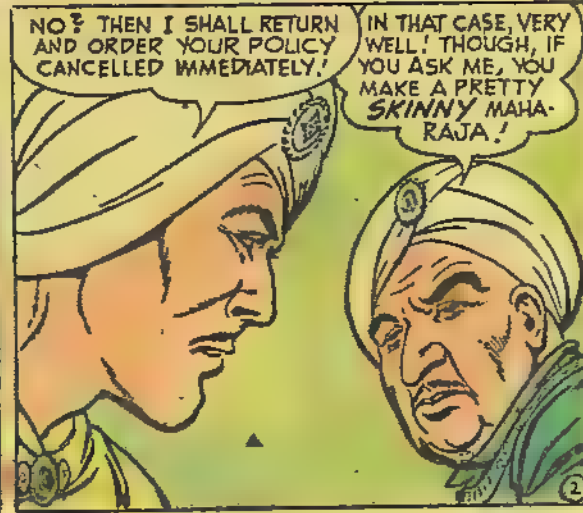
OOF! THIS MAHARAJA IS A FIGHTING MANIAC! FLEE, BURA, FLEE!

IF I WERE YOU, I'D TAKE THIS ADVICE, BUDRA, AND FLEE!



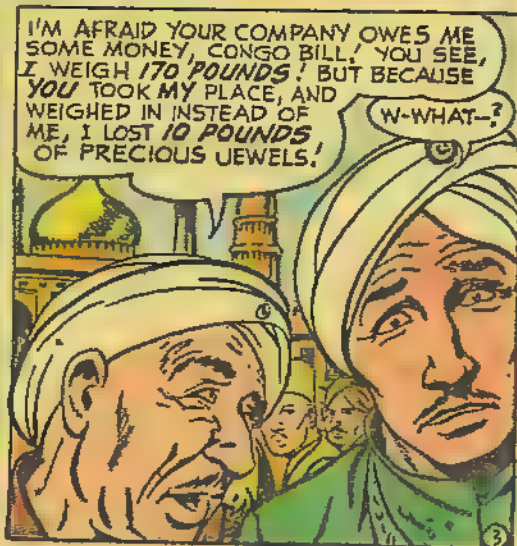
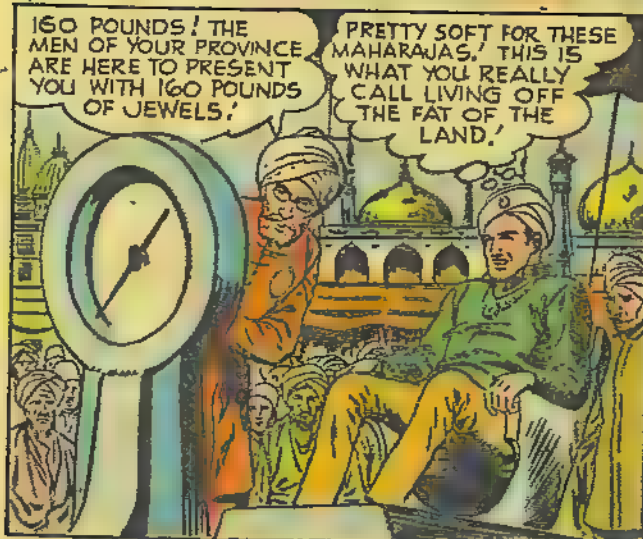
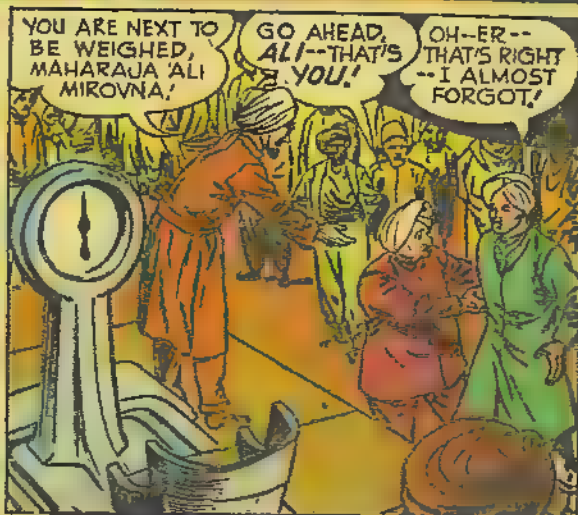
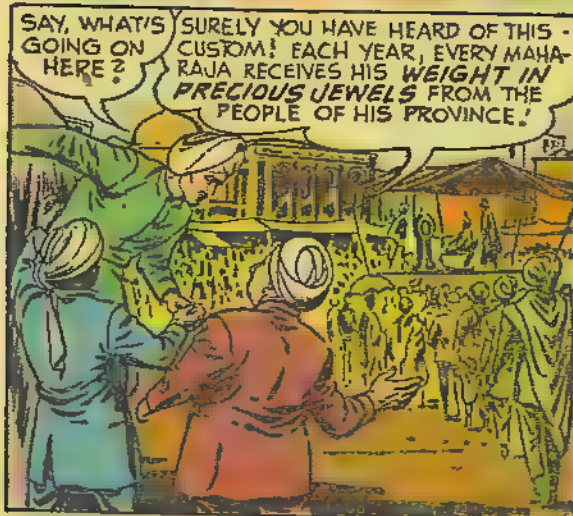
AND SOON... THAT LITTLE TRICK OF CHANGING PLACES WITH YOU, SAVED YOUR LIFE, ALI! SUPPOSE WE KEEP IT THIS WAY THE REST OF THE JOURNEY, JUST IN CASE! YOU CAN ACT AS MY SERVANT!

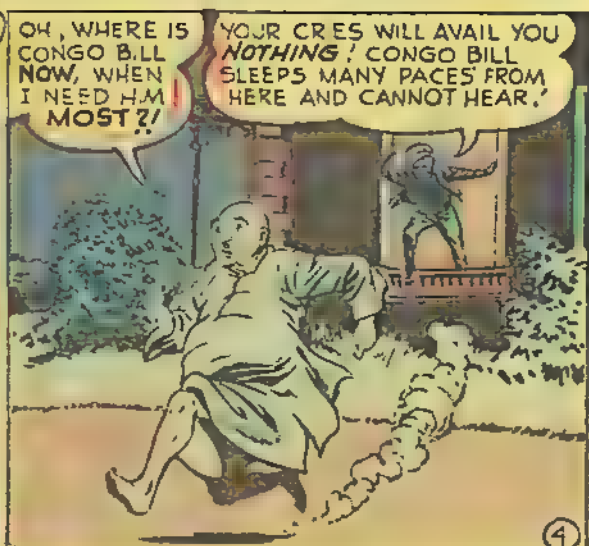
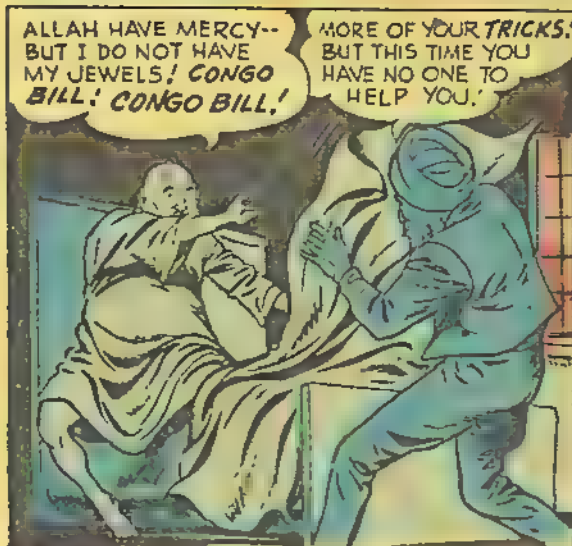
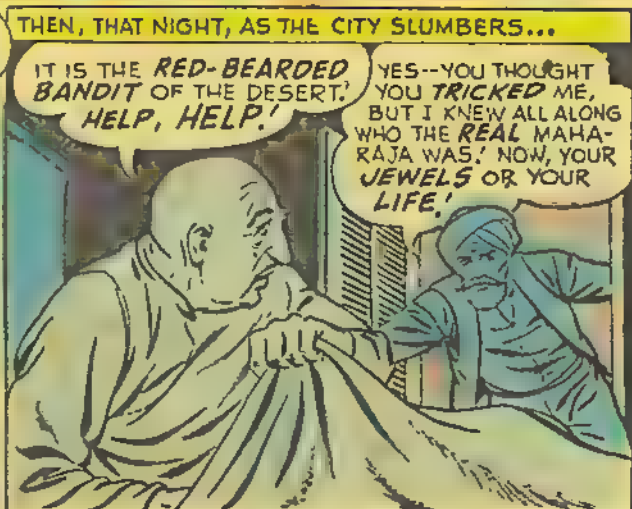
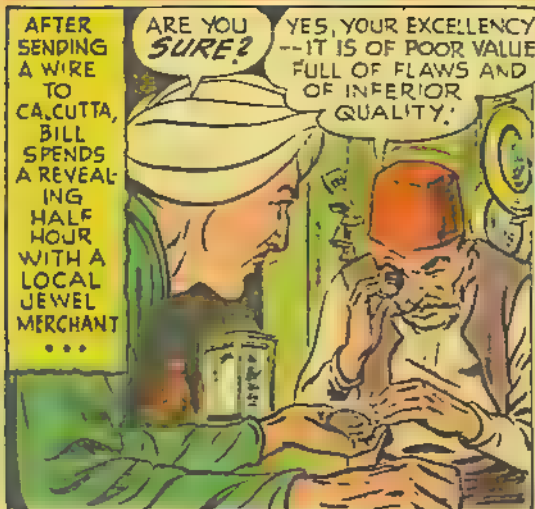
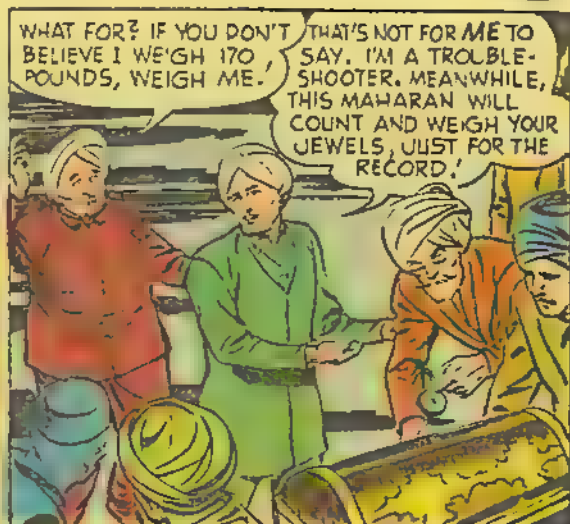
YOUR SERVANT! NO! I ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT!



NO? THEN I SHALL RETURN AND ORDER YOUR POLICY CANCELLED IMMEDIATELY!

IN THAT CASE, VERY WELL! THOUGH, IF YOU ASK ME, YOU MAKE A PRETTY SKINNY MAHARAJA!





URGED ON BY AN OVERPOWERING FEAR, ALI HEADS BLINDLY INTO THE DESERT, HIS ATTACKER IN HOT PURSUIT...



THEN, AFTER A WILD TWO-HOUR RACE FOR LIFE...

I--UM--EXHAUSTED! I CAN'T GO ON! I--GASP--THINK I HAVE SHAKEN HIM OFF--GASP--BUT IF HE CATCHES UP TO ME HERE, I SHALL DIE WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.



NEXT MORNING, AS THE HOT SUN BEATS DOWN RELENTLESSLY...

THIS HEAT...GASP...AND MY HORSE...GONE... I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO WALK BACK TO ALWAR!...GASP...PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THAT BANDIT! GASP, GASP



BUT ALI'S WILL TO LIVE PRODS HIM ON ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS...

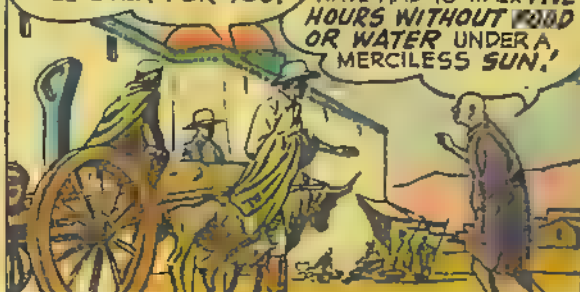
I--GASP--SHALL NEVER MAKE IT! MY THROAT IS PARCHED! MY LEGS FEEL LIKE HEAVY STONES! **HELP! HELP!** IS THERE NO ONE TO HEAR ME?



FINALLY, AFTER FIVE WEARY HOURS OF TRUDGING, AND FEELING MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE...

SAY, WHERE IN BLAZES HAVE YOU BEEN, ALI? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

IT IS--GASP--WELL YOU ASK! I WAS ALMOST MURDERED! AND I HAVE HAD TO WALK FIVE HOURS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER UNDER A MERCILESS SUN!



IS THIS MAHARAJA ALI MIROVNA, THE CLAIM-ANT?

YES... ALI, THIS IS JIM CALVERT, THE COMPANY'S MANAGER. HE'S HERE TO SEE IF YOUR CLAIM IS JUSTIFIED!

CERTAINLY IT IS JUSTIFIED! AM I **NOT** INSURED AGAINST ALL LOSS? AND DID I **NOT** LOSE 10 POUNDS IN JEWELS BECAUSE CONGO BILL WEIGHED IN IN PLACE OF ME?

WELL, JUST STEP ON THE SCALE, YOUR EXCELLENCY! IF YOU WEIGH MORE THAN CONGO BILL, YOU'LL BE PAID THE DIFFERENCE!

WITH PLEASURE!



HOLD ON! THIS ACCURSED SCALE SAYS I WEIGH ONLY **159 POUNDS!** IT IS NOT TRUE--I WEIGHED MYSELF IN DELHI, AND I WAS A FULL **170!**

SCALES DON'T LIE, ALI, AND IT LOOKS LIKE MY WEIGHING IN FOR YOU **GAINED** YOU AN **EXTRA POUND!**

WAIT! I KNOW WHAT DID IT--THOSE **FIVE HOURS** I SPENT UNDER THE **HOT SUN, SWEATING** LIKE A HORSE WITHOUT **FOOD OR WATER!**

I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT, ALI! BY THE WAY, HERE ARE YOUR JEWELS. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THE WHOLE KIT AND KABOODLE ISN'T WORTH MORE THAN **\$75!** I HAD IT ALL APPRAISED!

AH! I SEE IT ALL NOW! YOU AND YOUR IMPERSONATIONS! YOU MADE YOURSELF UP LIKE THAT RED-BEARDED BANDIT OF THE DESERT, AND CHASED ME FOR MILES SO I **WOULD** LOSE WEIGHT.

YES, ALI, I CANNOT TELL A LIE! IT WAS I!

I'VE BEEN **SWINDLED, SWINDLED!**

SAY, BILL, THAT WAS PRETTY **HARD** ON THE OLD BOY, WASN'T IT?

YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING, "IT TAKES A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF!"

YOU MEAN--?

YES, IT WAS **ALI** WHO PLANNED THIS WHOLE **JAUNT** AS A **SWINDLE!** FIRST, WE HOPED HE'D BE ROBBED OF THOSE **CHEAP** JEWELS HE WAS WEARING SO HE COULD PUT IN A **BIG CLAIM** ON THEM.

WHEN I PUT THE SKIDS UNDER THAT, I GET IT! SO IF HE TRIED TO COLLECT ON THE DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT! YOU SEE, HIS PROVINCE IS A VERY POOR ONE, AND WHILE HIS PEOPLE **DO** GIVE HIM HIS WEIGHT IN JEWELS, THEY'RE **INFERIOR GEMS!**

I GET IT! SO IF HIS LITTLE TRICKS HAD WORKED, HE STOOD TO MAKE MORE ON HIS INSURANCE CLAIM THAN THE TOTAL VALUE OF THE JEWELS! NOT BAD, BILL!

THE END

QUICK QUIZ

IS THERE ACTUALLY A LAND OF PERPETUAL RAIN?



YES! IN THE PARANA RIVER REGION OF PARAGUAY, THE RAINIEST LAND ON EARTH! IT HAS BEEN RAINING THERE STEADILY SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL!

WHAT GAMES OF TODAY WERE PLAYED BY THE CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GREECE?



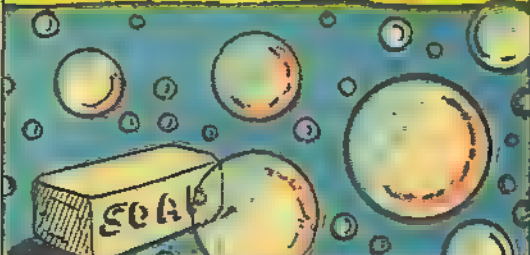
JACKS, MARBLES, BALL AND ROPE-JUMPING WERE PASTIMES ENJOYED BY YOUNGSTERS OF ANCIENT GREECE!

WHAT BIRD SINGS THE LOUDEST OF ALL BIRDS?



THE SMALL BRAZILIAN BELL BIRD! ITS VOICE CAN ACTUALLY BE HEARD 7 MILES AROUND!

HOW MANY BUBBLES WILL A POUND OF SOAP MAKE?



25,500,000 BUBBLES..... ACCORDING TO A RECENT SCIENTIFIC COUNT!

ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD PRIVATE DETECTIVE



EVEN WRESTLING WITH KILLERS DOESN'T MUSS MY HAIR, BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!



NOW AS LOW AS 29¢

VIGILANTE

IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR OUTLAWS WHEN AN ACCIDENT SMASHES THE VIGILANTE'S FAMED VIG-CYCLE TO SMITHERS. VIGILANTE-- MASKED LAWMAN OF THE PURPLE SAGE, WHO LONG AGO ABANDONED THE HORSE FOR THIS SPEEDIER, MORE MODERN MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION... HOW WILL HE FARE ON HORSEBACK NOW, AGAINST BADMEN WHO'VE RIDDEN NOTHING ELSE EXCEPT HORSES? YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF AS YOU WATCH JUSTICE RIDING THE SADDLE OF...

"A HORSE FOR VIGILANTE!"

YAHOO! LET'S GO, BOYS... WITHOUT HIS IRON HOSS, VIGILANTE WILL NEVER CATCH US!

"GENTLEMAN" JOE JUNK DEALER

G-GOSH, VIG... DO YOU THINK YOU'LL REMEMBER ALL THE TRICKS OF HORSEBACK RIDING?

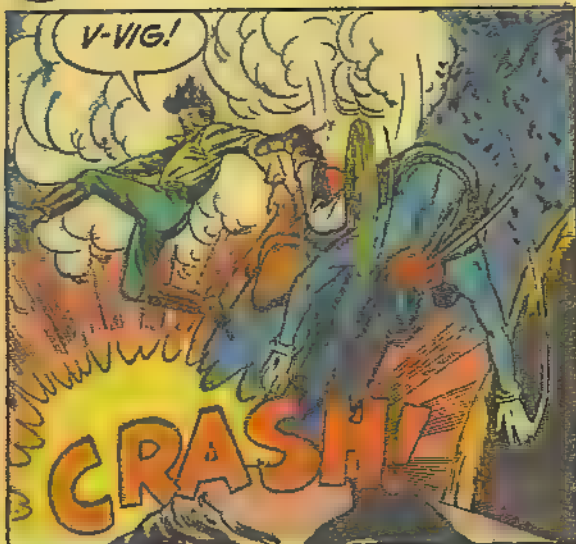
NIGHTTIME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RED DUST CITY, AS THE GALLANT VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG PAL STUFF PURSUE THE NOTORIOUS RAMROD GANG...

THEY'RE DEAD BUZZARDS THIS TIME, STUFF! WE CAN EASILY BEAT THEM TO THE PASS, WHICH IS THE ONLY OUTLET FROM THIS CANYON!

RIGHT, VIG! AND IF THEY TRY TO GO BACK, THE SHERIFF'S WAITING BEHIND US TO PICK THEM UP!

BUT SUDDENLY, LOOSE SHALE CAREENS DOWN THE HILLSIDE, AND...

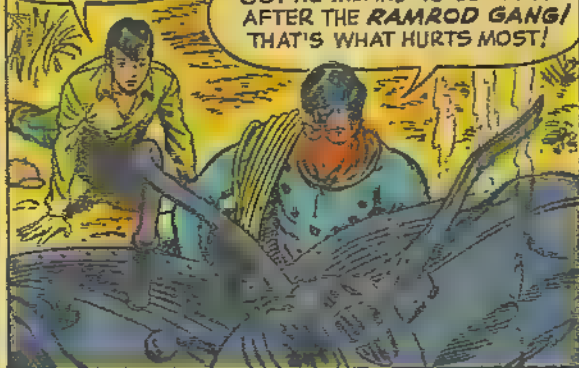
WE'RE SKIDDING ON THE SHALE! CAN'T CONTROL THE CYCLE... JUMP, STUFF!



AND WHEN THE TWO RECOVER...

GOSH, VIG...SHE'S SURE A MESS! THINK WE CAN FIX HER UP?

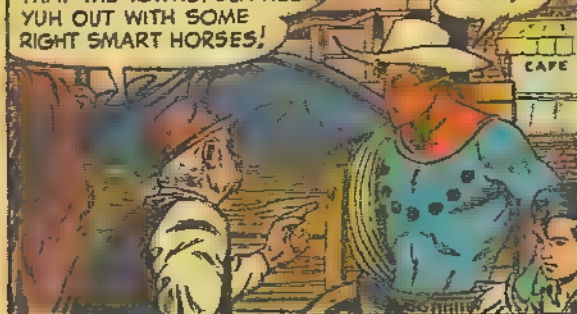
NOT FOR WEEKS, STUFF... THIS TIME WE'VE WRAPPED THE OLD BABY UP GOOD! BUT WORST OF ALL, WE'VE GOT NO MEANS TO CONTINUE AFTER THE **RAMROD GANG!** THAT'S WHAT HURTS MOST!



LATER, IN TOWN...

NOW DON'T YUH WORRY, **VIGILANTE!** WHILE YUH'RE WAITIN' FOR PARTS FROM THE EAST, TO FIX UP YORE THUNDER BIKE, I'LL SEE THAT THE TOWNSFOLK HELP YUH OUT WITH SOME RIGHT SMART HORSES!

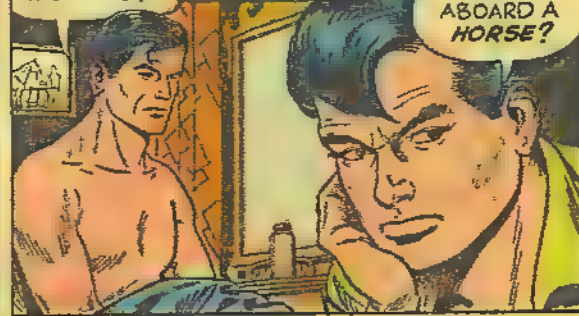
THANKS, SHERIFF! I SURE HATE TO BOTHER YOU FOLKS, BUT RIDING AFTER THOSE CRITTERS SEEMS TO BE OUR ONLY ANSWER NOW!



AFTERWARDS, IN A HOTEL ROOM...

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SWITCH BACK TO MY EVERYDAY IDENTITY AS GREG SANDERS, STUFF...WE HAVE TO ENTERTAIN AT THE GULCH RIVER CIRCUS BENEFIT, TOMORROW MORNING!

I KNOW, VIG... GEE I WONDER WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE TO CHASE THOSE HOMBRES ABOARD A HORSE?



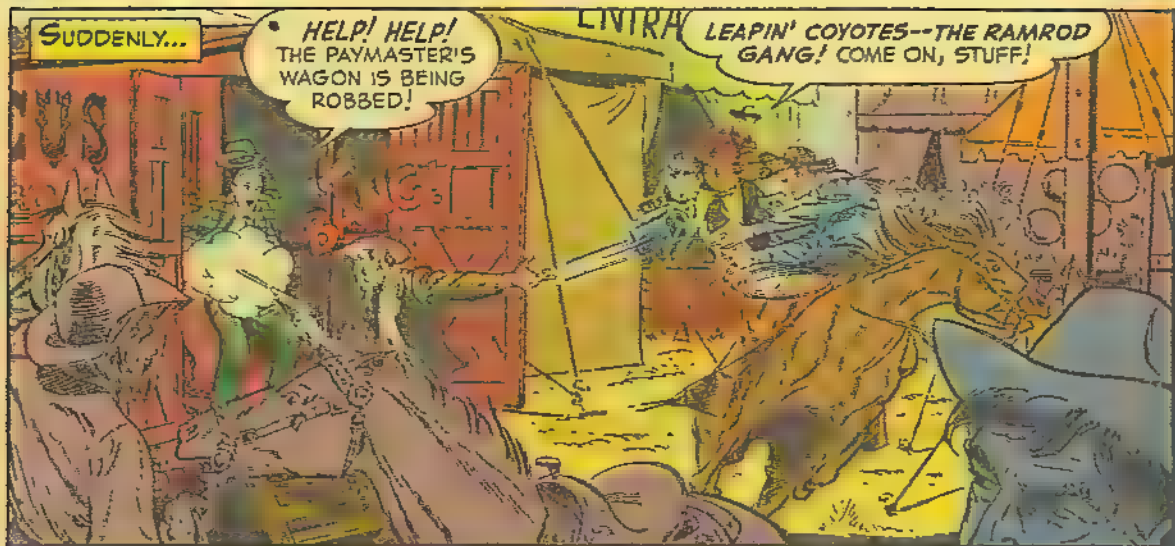
I'M NOT SURE YET--BUT THE **RAMROD GANG** IS CUNNING, AND WE'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE OUR STEEDS CAREFULLY! THAT'S ONE REASON I FIGURE WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE CIRCUS BENEFIT!



THUS IT IS, THAT THE NEXT MORNING, GREG SANDERS, THE **PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR**, PLAYS AT THE GULCH RIVER CIRCUS BENEFIT...

TOWARD THE EAST I WENT A-ROAMING... BUT MY HEART WAS ALL A-GLOAMING... FOR THE WEST WOULD NEVER DIE... LONG AS I COULD SEE BLUE SKY... ♪

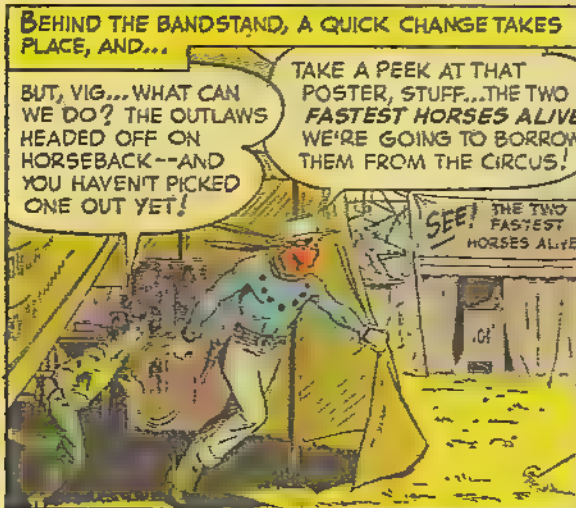




SUDDENLY...

HELP! HELP!
THE PAYMASTER'S
WAGON IS BEING
ROBBED!

**LEAPIN' COYOTES--THE RAMROD
GANG! COME ON, STUFF!**

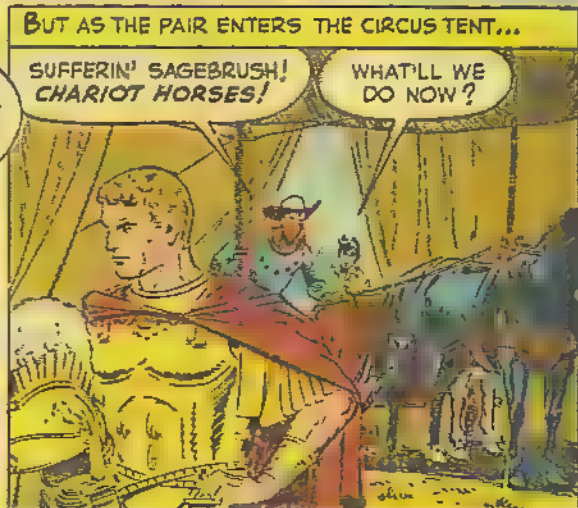


**BEHIND THE BANDSTAND, A QUICK CHANGE TAKES
PLACE, AND...**

**BUT, VIG...WHAT CAN
WE DO? THE OUTLAWS
HEADED OFF ON
HORSEBACK--AND
YOU HAVEN'T PICKED
ONE OUT YET!**

**TAKE A PEEK AT THAT
POSTER, STUFF...THE TWO
FASTEST HORSES ALIVE!
WE'RE GOING TO BORROW
THEM FROM THE CIRCUS!**

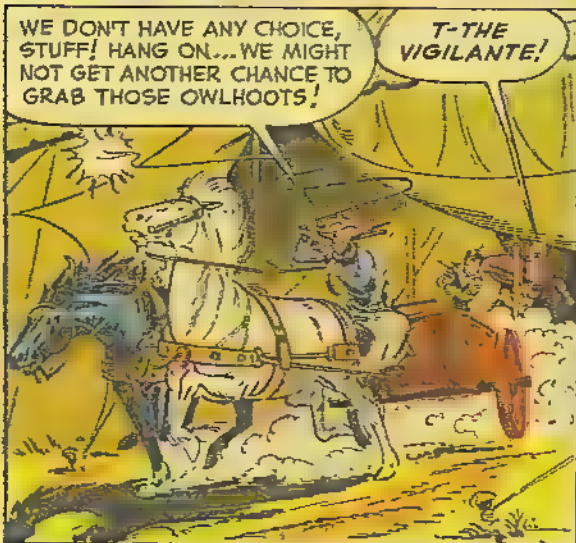
**SEE! THE TWO
FASTEST
HORSES ALIVE**



BUT AS THE PAIR ENTERS THE CIRCUS TENT...

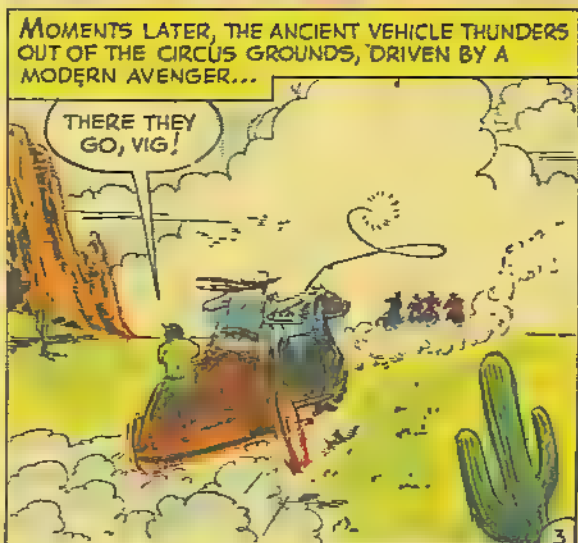
**SUFFERIN' SAGEBRUSH!
CHARIOT HORSES!**

**WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?**



**WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE,
STUFF! HANG ON...WE MIGHT
NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO
GRAB THOSE OWLHOOTS!**

**T-THE
VIGILANTE!**



**MOMENTS LATER, THE ANCIENT VEHICLE THUNDERS
OUT OF THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, DRIVEN BY A
MODERN AVENGER...**

**THERE THEY
GO, VIG!**

WHILE UP AHEAD...

L-LOOK! IT'S THE **VIGILANTE**-- COMIN' LIKE THE WIND IN A TWO-WHEELED FIRE-CART!

START PLUGGIN' WITH YORE HIGH-POWERED RIFLE! YUH GOTTA HOLD 'EM OFF 'TILL WE MAKE THE HILLS!

AND AS HOT LEAD SINGS THROUGH THE DESERT AIR...

VIG! THE WHEEL'S BEEN HIT-- THE METAL COVERING IS SHATTERED!

WE'RE ALMOST UP TO ONE OF THEM! IF WE CAN JUST HOLD OUT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TOSS THIS LARIAT...

BAM!

THEN WITH A GRACEFUL FLING OF THE SNAKELIKE ROPE...

YAHOO! CAUGHT THE CRITTER!

ONE DOWN AND THREE TO GO! SURE IS TOUGH WITHOUT THE **VIG-CYCLE**, EH, STUFF?

YOU AREN'T KIDDING! **SHWEH** I THOUGHT SURE WE'D OVERPLAYED OURSELVES WHEN THAT CHARIOT WHEEL-WENT, VIG!

"LATER, BACK IN RED DUST CITY..."

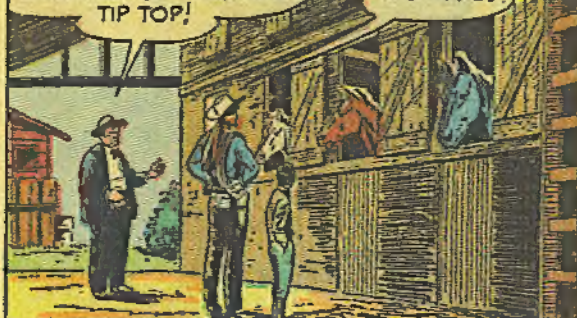
THERE! THAT POLECAT'S SAFELY TUCKED AWAY! NOW, COME ALONG, VIG... WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO SHOW YUH THE HORSES WE GOT TOGETHER FOR YOU TO PICK FROM!

GREAT, SHERIFF! WE WERE MIGHTY LUCKY TO CATCH UP WITH EVEN ONE MEMBER OF THE **RAMROD GANG** WITHOUT A NORMAL STEED!

AND AT A NEARBY STABLE...

BEST HORSE FLESH IN THESE PARTS, VIG! FIRST ONE THERE IS A RACE WINNER, TORO! THEN THERE'S MUSKAT, A CHAMPION ARMY CAVALRY HORSE OLD SI WILLIAMS HAD. ALL OF THEM ARE TIP TOP!

RECKON WE'LL BE ABLE TO FIND SOME COMPETITION FOR THE RAMROD GANG HERE, SHERIFF! I'LL MAKE A SELECTION FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!



BUT NEXT MORNING, WHEN VIGILANTE AND STUFF ARRIVE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

VIGILANTE! JUMPIN' JACKRABBITS I WAS ABOUT TO CALL YORE HOTEL! THE RAMROD GANG JUST LOOTED THE BANK AT CENTER CITY!

WHAT??

SHERIFF



YUP--GOT AWAY WITH OVER \$10,000 AN' HEADED WEST DOWN MELLOW VALLEY, 'BOUT EIGHT MILES PAST THE ARMY OUT-POST! TOO LATE TO OVERTAKE THE CRITTERS NOW!

WEST DOWN THE VALLEY, EH? THAT'S A WHOPPING HEAD START... BUT BY THUNDER, I THINK WE CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM! WHERE'S YOUR PHONE, SHERIFF?



STUFF, WHILE I'M MAKING THIS CALL, YOU HUSTLE OVER TO THE STABLE AND PICK UP THAT ARMY CAVALRY HORSE, MUSKAT! SADDLE YOURSELF ONE... WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION!



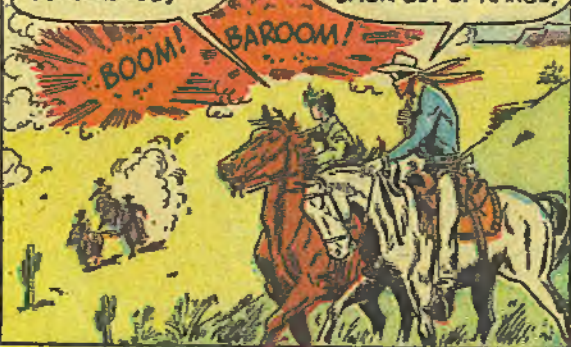
HELLO--COLONEL? THIS IS VIGILANTE! CAN YOU START FIRING SOME BARRAGES ABOUT SIX MILES DOWN, OVER THE LOWER VALLEY? THAT'S RIGHT... YOU'LL BE HELPING ME OUTFOX SOME CUNNING COYOTES!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE HARD RIDING PAIR ENTERS MELLOW VALLEY...

IT WORKED, VIG! THE ARMY RANGE SHELLFIRE HAS DRIVEN THEM BACK UP THE VALLEY, TOWARD US!

AND I'LL BET THEY'RE PLENTY PUZZLED! I'M GOING IN, STUFF...IF THEY TURN TAIL, STAY BACK OUT OF RANGE!



SPOTTING THE DARING LAWMAN, THE GANG QUICKLY TURNS ABOUT AND RIDES BACK INTO THE THICK OF THE FIERCE SHELLFIRE...

TOO BAD STUFF IS MISSING THIS-- BUT ONLY A CAVALRY HORSE COULD STAND THE NOISE! MUST WRAP THESE BIRDS UP MYSELF!



AND AS THE OUTLAWS' STEEDS START BUCKING WITH FRIGHT...

DON'T BLAME YOUR HORSES, BOYS... IT TAKES TRAINING TO TRAVEL UNDER FIRE!

BOOM!

BOOM!



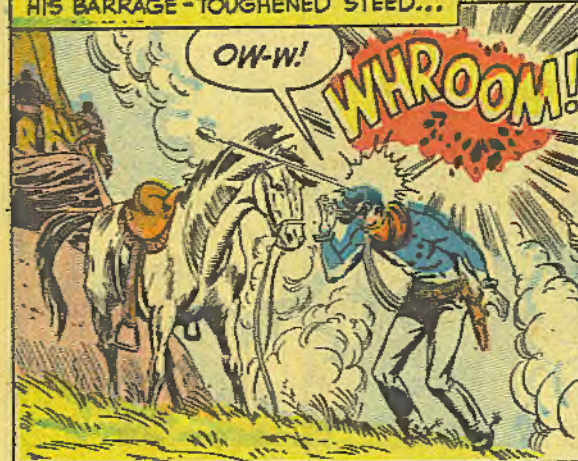
NUMBER TWO ON THE OUTLAW PARADE! AND THIS TIME, ASTRIDE MUSKAT, ROUNDING UP THE REMAINING TWO WILL BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL!



BUT AS THE VALIANT VIGILANTE MOVES TOWARD HIS BARRAGE-TOUGHENED STEED...

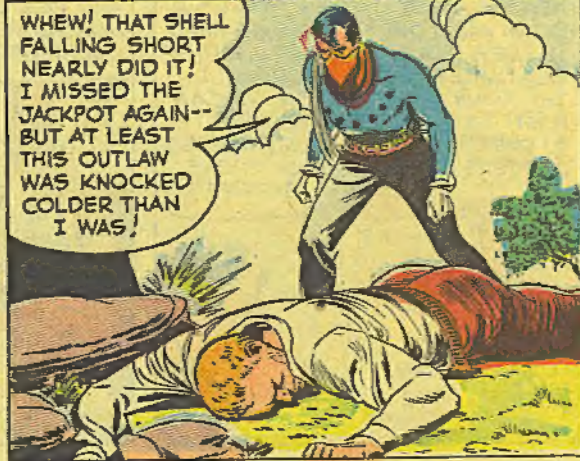
OW-W!

WHROOM!



AND WHEN HE REGAINS HIS SENSES...

WHEW! THAT SHELL FALLING SHORT NEARLY DID IT! I MISSED THE JACKPOT AGAIN-- BUT AT LEAST THIS OUTLAW WAS KNOCKED COLDER THAN I WAS!



SOON AFTER, IN TOWN...

NOW, DON'T YUH FRET 'BOUT LOSIN' THOSE OTHER TWO OWL-HOOTS, VIGILANTE! I'M GONNA LET YUH USE MY LITTLE RANCH NEAR THE MEDICAL LABORATORIES, TO REST UP! YUH CAN TEST THE HORSES OUT THERE, AN' PICK THE RIGHT ONE TO CONTINUE THE CHASE!

THAT MIGHT HELP, SHERIFF! MUSKAT DID HIS JOB WELL, BUT ONE OF THE OTHERS MIGHT BE BETTER QUALIFIED FOR ALL AROUND FITNESS!



DAYS LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S RANCH...

GOSH, VIG... IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO DECIDE WHICH PAIR WILL WORK WITH US BEST!

THEY'RE ALL GOOD, STUFF! BUT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SELECTION! WE MUST HUNT DOWN THOSE TWO REMAINING OUTLAWS, BEFORE THEY CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

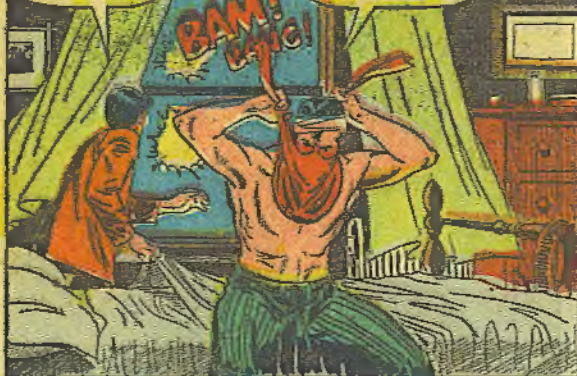


BUT THAT EVENING, AS THE TWO LIE SLEEPING...

GUNFIRE, VIG! IT'S COMING FROM ACROSS THE CANYON!

THE MEDICAL LABORATORIES! GRAB YOUR CLOTHES AND SADDLE, STUFF...WE'RE HEAD-ING OVER!

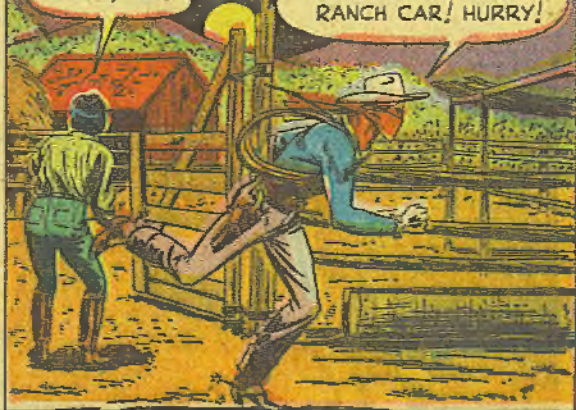
BAM!
BAM!



BUT WHEN THEY STEP OUTSIDE...

THE CORRAL'S EMPTY! THE HORSES ARE GONE, VIG!

STOLEN, STUFF! I LOCKED THAT GATE CAREFULLY MYSELF! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE OLD RANCH CAR! HURRY!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING...

T-HEY TOOK BOXES O-OF MEDICINES... H-HEADED INTO THE MOUNTAINS!

EASY, OLD TIMER! STUFF, THAT'S WHY OUR HORSES WERE TURNED LOOSE! THE THIEVES KNEW THEY COULDN'T BE FOLLOWED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS EXCEPT ON HORSEBACK!

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THEN WE'RE STOPPED, VIG! IT'LL BE MORNING BEFORE THE SHERIFF CAN GET HERE!

NO-- WAIT A MINUTE... WE'RE NOT LICKED! MEDICAL LABS HAVE HORSES SOMETIMES! THEY USE THEM TO EXTRACT FLUIDS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF CERTAIN SERUMS! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



BONANZA, VIG!

STURDY WORKHORSES--BUT THEY CAN DO THE TRICK! LET'S SADDLE THEM UP, STUFF!



PRESENTLY, AS TWO FIGURES RIDE A LUMBERING PAIR OF HORSES HIGH ALONG A MOONLIT MOUNTAIN RIDGE...

THE OUTLAWS WILL BE CARRYING BOXES OF MEDICINES...THEY CAN'T MAKE FAST TIME, AND I'LL GAMBLE THEY TOOK THE LONGER TRAIL BELOW... IT'S MUCH SAFER!



MINUTES LATER, ALONG THE CANYON WALL...

THESE STRONG WORK HORSES HIT THE BELL, STUFF! AVERAGE HORSE COULDN'T HOLD OUR WEIGHT ON HIS NECK! READY?

READY, VIG!

THEN...

HUH?

THE FINAL ROUNDUP, BOYS! YOUR TWO PALS ARE HOMESICK IN THE CITY JAIL HOUSE!

AND AS ONE OF THE OUTLAWS DRAWS A GUN...

THE RAMROD GANG HAD TO BE PICKED APART LIKE A BAD MELON, STUFF! BUT AT LEAST THEY GAVE US SOME VALUABLE HORSE EXPERIENCE!

OW! MY HAND!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS THE WESTERN SUN RISES OVER RED DUST CITY...

WE'VE GOT THE LAST TWO MEMBERS OF THE RAMROD GANG FOR YOU, SHERIFF!

THUNDERATION! DON'T YOU TWO EVER REST?

OFFICE

AND LATER...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, SHERIFF... AND IF YOU DON'T MIND, NOW THAT YOUR JAIL'S FULL, MY PARDNER AND I WILL JUST SORT OF MOSEY ABOUT TOWN ENJOYING OURSELVES! YOUR HORSES ARE MIGHTY FINE CREATURES, BUT I'D STILL RATHER MAKE ROUNDUP WITH MY IRON PONY!

HA, HA... CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME YUH, VIG! WHEN SHE'S ALL FIXED UP PROPER, BE SURE AN' GIVE ME A RIDE!

THE END